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The Week

THE results of the Republican National Convention contain no surprises. From first to last it was disingenuous, cold and conservative. Its wordy platform was written as usual for the sole purpose of catching as many votes as possible. With the single exception of the World Court it evaded every important question. The Coolidge forces were not even able to get the Mellon tax plan mentioned by name, the platform doing no more than to promise vaguely some sort of "tax reform." The prohibition question was dodged. The Ku Klux issue was evaded with a statement so mild as to be meaningless. The Japanese exclusion aspect of the immigration law was ignored. Independence for the Philippines was put off into the indefinite future. Adequate measures of relief for the farmer were not mentioned. The protective tariff which has been such an important factor in causing the distress of the agricultural regions was endorsed with the nearest approach to enthusiasm to be found anywhere in a dull and dispirited document. The farmers were actually assured that they are in fact pretty well off, and that the tariff is responsible for this happy state. Cynical contempt for the intelligence of the people could hardly be carried much further than this.

MOST disgraceful of all, from the point of view of public morality, is the total failure of the platform and of the convention in general to face the facts on the question of corruption. The present Republican administration has been the scene of the most appalling venality in office in the history of this Republic; unquestionably the greatest issue in this year's campaign ought to be honesty among public officials. Yet the platform, while admitting feebly (it could hardly do otherwise) that there has been some dishonesty, contents itself by remarking that the investigations have hit both parties, and deplores the fact that these investigations have "besmirched the names of the innocent" (these unhappy innocents being of course unnamed, for the cogent reason that they do not exist). In the face of the record made by Fall and Denby, the platform blithely asserts that the party has been and is pledged to a policy of "conservation of the Roosevelt ian type." Confronted by such incredibly brazen effrontery as this, we have no breath left with which to gasp when we hear Frank Mondell shouting at the top of his lungs that the Republican party "has never proposed nor advocated an unwise nor unsound national policy" and that the Democratic record "is devoid of a single redeeming feature."

JUST before the convention a great deal was written by the correspondents about the smoothness and efficiency of the Coolidge machine and the way in which his "business man's bloc" had crushed the regular politicians of the Old Guard. The allegation was in large part disproved by subsequent events. It is true that the big business interests which in the past have exerted their influence through deputies in the person of professional politicians, at Cleveland came out in the open and themselves made their demands. Theirs was, however, as we have already pointed out, a victory by

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default. The Republican party is disorganized, disheartened and leaderless. Coolidge was practically unopposed for the nomination, not because he was felt to be the preëminent candidate, but because no one had enough strength and courage to fight the bloc of federal job-holders and patronage seekers whose support is an automatic perquisite of the White House. Coolidge, Stearns and Butler represent, it is true, a powerful class interest which is also a powerful sectional interest. But their victory is not a tribute to their strength but to their opponents' weakness.

BUTLER, indeed, made a howling failure of his job as party boss, a failure which would have been more conspicuous had he not been succeeding an even more incredible bungler in the person of Mr. John T. Adams. Butler's famous novitiate under Murray Crane evidently left conspicuous gaps in his political education. He was so dictatorial and arrogant that even machine politicians, accustomed to their serfdom and prepared to kiss the hand which wields the whip, found his overbearing attitude unendurable. Still worse, Mr. Butler actually undertook to put over Senator Borah as Vice-President without knowing whether the gentleman from Idaho would accept the post. When it turned out that he had too much sense to become the tail to a Boston reactionary kite, the Coolidge manager lost control completely. In order to rope in the Middle West, it was important that Conservative Cal should have as a running mate a man with at least the semblance of decent liberalism; but Butler played his cards so badly that the convention ran away from him and selected for its Vice-Presidential candidate a man who, while he has twice as much stuff in him as has chilly Mr. Coolidge, is equally conservative, and even more frankly tied up with the big banking interests which come first in the Middle Western hymn of hate.

GENERAL DAWES has, we concede, a likable personality. He has the knack which Roosevelt found so valuable, of seeming to discard all the shibboleths of the politicians while still retaining their point of view and working with them. We find it impossible to accept the idea that the experts' plan for reparations payments to which his name is commonly though unjustly attached is a deliberate plot of the Morgan interests to enslave the German people "as the Americans are now enslaved." Dawes's presence on the Coolidge ticket, however, shatters the last hope that any spark of liberalism will be found inside the ranks of the Republican party this year. Whoever votes the ticket votes for out-and-out reaction; for making the eastern manufacturer richer and the Middle Western farmer poorer; for still more deeply entrenched special privilege throughout our economic structure, and against any improvement in the position of the common man.

SENATOR LAFOLLETTE, who has been waiting to see whether any good thing could come out of Cleveland, now has his answer. Not a single one of the planks in his "Wisconsin platform" was accepted by the Resolutions Committee; and when this platform in toto was offered as a minority report before the whole convention, the well-oiled political Robots howled it down. As we write, the character of the Democratic platform and the identity of its candidates are still in doubt; but it seems unlikely that they will be so wholeheartedly liberal that the forward-looking men and women of all political faiths will feel compelled to support the Democratic choice. The gravest danger of the Democrats indeed is now over-confidence. Their leaders feel, as the Republicans did in 1920, that victory is certain; and under these circumstances the professional politician always puts his worst foot foremost. It seems to us probable, therefore, that the Conference for Progressive Political Action which will meet in Cleveland on July 4 will, by the logic of events, as well as by the desires of its members, find itself impelled to indorse an independent candidate in the person of Robert M. LaFollette.

AS has already been pointed out, his nomination may prevent either of the two major candidates from securing a majority, and throw the election into the House or the Senate where the LaFollette group, holding the balance of power, can dictate the terms on which a chief executive would be chosen. It is also possible that the Democrats and the Progressives, by selecting as their joint candidate for Vice-President a strong liberal, could give him a majority in the Electoral College which would insure his being chosen after the House of Representatives had demonstrated that it was deadlocked on the choice of one of the Presidential candidates. In either case, we believe the argument in favor of a new political organization is one which rises far above expediency. There is in this country a large and growing group of citizens who, while they are far from endorsing the principles of socialism or communism, are convinced that the two chief existing parties are committed to a social and economic program wholly inadequate to protect the rights of the common people. This body of citizens is entitled to a political organization which shall accurately and satisfactorily represent its beliefs. If Americans were not so incorrigibly wedded to the idea that nothing in politics is worth doing unless it is certain to lead to immediate success, we should have had such an organization long ago.

WHATEVER the nomination of Dawes for Vice-President may mean in American politics, its meaning for European international politics is encouraging. Europe knows Dawes only as the head of the committee which drew up the Dawes plan. The chief virtue of that plan, from the European point of view, was that it promised to bring American

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capital to the aid of European reconstruction. It promised not only to bring considerable sums at the outset for the gold bank, but much greater sums later in the financing of German trade and industry. Whether these promises actually had powerful backing in American business was a question anxiously discussed in European circles. Now this question seems to have been answered conclusively. A great American party, which represents American business more directly than it has ever been represented before, has committed itself without qualification to the Dawes plan by nominating Dawes for the Vice-Presidency. The Republican ticket may be beaten in the fall, but this pronouncement of business in favor of the Dawes plan will retain its significance. For it is to American business, not to the American government that Europe looks for moral support and material assistance.

THE new Premier of France is a skillful politician. By making General Nollet his Minister of War and announcing firmly that Germany must live up to the letter of the disarmament agreement, he is making political capital for himself at home among people who might otherwise view his government with suspicion both on the ground of too great radicalism and too great leniency toward the foe. At the same time it remains true that his general policy is one of fairness and conciliation, containing by far the greatest hope of peace that has appeared in Europe since the war. He will abandon the Poincaré program of staying in the Ruhr until France is paid in full. He will unquestionably do his best to bring the Dawes Plan into full operation. Already he has reached a complete agreement in principal with MacDonald, whose aims are substantially his own. He hopes to have Germany admitted to the League of Nations at the earliest possible moment. Indeed, it seems likely that for the first time France will give more than lip service to the League. This undoubtedly involves modification of the scheme for insuring French security by a system of continental military alliances. A multiplicity of indications confirms the belief that the political aspects of the European tangle are rapidly being straightened out; which means that the natural economic laws will again have a chance to operate as they have not since 1914.

THE choice of Doumergue for President is a striking proof of the ability of the defeated Bloc National to coöperate with the more moderate elements of the Left. We are likely to see more of this coöperation in the future. Herriot might prefer to govern with the support of the Left alone, but a great part of the extreme Left is wholly unreliable, in a parliamentary sense. They would leave him in the lurch without a scruple. This ultimate dependence on the Right is an additional explanation of the choice of General Nollet. This selection was by no means calculated to conciliate Germany. Nor does Herriot hold out any hope of a reduction in the indemnity total, nor of a let-up in Allied supervision of German armament. It is a journalistic commonplace that Herriot is aiming at the same ends as Poincaré, security and payment, but prefers more urbane methods of arriving at those ends. There is something in the statement. In view of Herriot's parliamentary position he could not well go further.

TWO points were involved in the successful attack of the French Left on Millerand. One was the character of his political views, Extreme Nationalist, reactionary, militarist. The other was his conception of the Presidency as an active political office, with the right and obligation to exert influence at least on critical occasions. Millerand conceived that behind the honorific functions of the Presidency a dictatorial function lay in reserve. In selecting a successor to Millerand the Chambers had to choose between Painlevé, whose political views coincided with those of the dominant Left, and Doumergue, whose views of the constitutional position of the Presidency square with the sound tradition of non-intervention. Doumergue won.

WHILE he did so partly by the votes of the Bloc National, and his election therefore has the superficial appearance of a defeat for the Left, the probabilities are that in the long run the parties of the Left will be the stronger for it. There will be no division of responsibility between Premier and President as there would have been if Painlevé had won. Nor has the precedent been established that the Presidency must take its color from the party dominant in the Chambers—a precedent that might easily be turned against French liberalism at a later time. For it is not to be forgotten that the present majority in the Chamber of Deputies has by no means an overwhelming support in the country. In the course of the next two years it is quite possible that the Bloc National will recover enough strength to dispute control with the Liberals. Doumergue's election offers assurance that the struggle will be confined to the parliamentary field and will not involve the constitution.

THE Mussolini government has been shaken to its foundation by the kidnaping and probable murder of Giacomo Matteotti, a millionaire socialist and member of the Chamber. Matteotti, it is known, was in possession of a considerable amount of evidence implicating Under-secretary of State Finzi in dishonest transactions, and was to have made a speech revealing his information. The kidnapers used an automobile secured for them through the intervention of a tool of Finzi's, editor of a Fascist daily in Rome, who subsequently attempted to flee from the city. While there is no reason to assume that Mussolini is in any way connected with the plot, it is also fair to recall that kidnaping and murder are by no means illogical outgrowths of Fascism

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itself. The wearers of the black shirt took possession of the government of Italy by force and in defiance of law; members of the organization in various localities still continue to use physical violence against their enemies; Mussolini himself only a few days ago flatly served notice on the Parliament that if it did not obey his orders it would be dissolved. The sole difference between the present crime which Mussolini deplores and previous ones which he has tacitly condoned is that in this instance the victim is a person of importance, known to have been in possession of evidence linking the name of a member of the government with corruption.

EVIDENCE is accumulating with disheartening volume of the extent to which moral obfuscation at present possesses the legal profession. The steady decline of the lawyer's influence upon the political thought of the country, which observers like Bryce noted, is easily accounted for when one reflects upon the attitude of the leaders of the Bar toward the Washington disclosures. They did not lift a finger against the moral degradation of a Daugherty at the Department of Justice before the shamelessness of his régime became public property; and since, the Bar has either been silent in public and critical of Wheeler in private, or, if a leader has spoken, he has taken the high moral ground that if anyone is found guilty by a jury and the conviction is subsequently sustained, *then* he ought to be punished! Such has been the contribution to public morality of the righteous Mr. Hughes. So that, from the leaders of the Bar nothing is to be expected. Last week we had occasion to note that the corrosion has also eaten into the teaching branch of the law, in the conspicuous example of Dean Wigmore. We are still more surprised to find a judge taking a fling in public at the Washington investigations.

IN a recent address before the Association of the Bar of New York City, reprinted in the June number of the Cornell Law Quarterly, Chief Judge Frank H. Hiscock, of the New York Court of Appeals, finds "a widely prevailing spirit of the hour" which he elsewhere characterizes as "radicalism" illustrated "by the fact that scandal-mongering, irresponsible gossip and fantastic accusations supplied by the hearsay evidence of eager and discredited witnesses have come to occupy in certain quarters so much of the time that ought to be devoted to serious purposes." This, of course, is Judge Hiscock's roundabout way of saying that the Senate should have left Daugherty undisturbed and, instead, should have passed the Mellon tax schedules. Even the Keynoter of the Republican Convention was bound to admit that "out of all the investigations, pursued in every direction, there have been exposed to the scorn of the country instances of bribery and dishonesty on the part of public officials." But the Chief Judge of the Empire state, venturing into the field of contentious politics, did not indicate the faintest sense of humiliation over the most disgraceful revelations in our history affecting the national administration of justice. In all these exposures this eminent Judge sees nothing but "scandal-mongering, irresponsible gossip and fantastic accusations." We wonder if anyone, except possibly Harry M. Daugherty, in his heart of hearts really believes that this characterization of Judge Hiscock is anything but monstrously ludicrous.

JUST because the American Olympic team is likely to do extremely well at Paris—eight World's records have been broken or equalled in the try-outs—it will need to exhibit the most polished tact. It will need to remember that the meet is being held at the home of our most sensitive neighbor. Europeans in general, but Frenchmen in particular, are rather sensitive about the international position and attitude of the United States. And European amateur sportsmen are always a bit dubious about American athletic competition on account of the unique extent to which professional athletics have developed in this country. In the rugby and soccer matches just played in Paris the Americans were vigorously booed. A French diplomat is reported as attributing the incident to a general misunderstanding of American organized cheering. That may have been the case. But the fact remains that the French dislike losing to Americans. And if the Olympic games are won by the American team, as seems distinctly possible, its members will need to step very carefully to avoid giving offense. They will even need to school themselves to avoid taking offense. Their good sportsmanship must be as conspicuous as their prowess.

THE fact is that athletic prowess has little to do with financial stability and less with geography. It is a tradition in itself. Some newspapers have seriously discussed the notion that the excellence of American swimmers, and the preponderance of Hawaiians on the team, must be attributed to the temperature of the water. Nothing could be sillier. American swimming prowess centres not in beaches but in swimmers, coaches and pools. The Chicago youth who has been smashing world's records so merrily is not explained by the rigors of Lake Michigan. He may never have been in Lake Michigan in his life. His achievement is the perfection of a new crawl beat. That was accomplished by brains, his own and his coaches', nourished by a strong local tradition. The superiority of the New York women swimmers relates not to Coney Island but to the members, coaches and pool of the Women's Swimming Association. Even the Hawaiians are very likely pool trained. Sea urchins do not grow to Olympic stature. Honolulu has become a centre of swimming culture by reason of the climate and the tourist trade; but the athletes are produced by the culture, not by the climate. If Amer-

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ica wins the Olympic games it will be simply and wholly because America is an athletic nation.

The Business Man's Bloc

THE behavior of the Republican Convention which nominated Calvin Coolidge for the Presidency requires some explaining. It was essentially a composite product due to a compromise between two particularly tenacious and aggressive tendencies in the life of the party. During the first day it looked as if one tendency—viz., that which emanated from Andrew Mellon and William M. Butler, would dominate; but on Wednesday the other tendency which was impersonated by the regular Republican politicians asserted itself. The platform was dictated even more by the old line politicians than it was by the parvenu business men. The only plank about which Mr. Coolidge insisted apparently on having his own way at any expense to the feelings of his opponents in Congress was the declaration in favor of the World Court. In all other respects the platform was, so far as the controversy between Congress and the President is concerned, non-committal. Its failure to endorse the Mellon tax rates and its affirmation of the need of some legislation analogous to the McNary-Haugen Bill are peculiarly conspicuous and significant. These compromises blur the outline of the "scientific" economic policy which the administration flourished as its greatest claim to public support and which the Republican press has expounded as authentic Republican doctrine.

The object of the Republican politicians in preferring a non-committal platform is obvious and entirely comprehensible. The position which the administration had assumed on economic issues was doctrinaire and extreme. It was a position from which, if beaten, the party could not retreat without grave losses, and that is the kind of commitment which the politician seeks and contrives at any cost to avoid. Politics from the professional point of view is the art of adjustment and of accommodation.

It necessitates at times pitched battles and heavy losses, and for that reason good politicians are, if necessary, lusty if not valiant swordsmen; but when they fight they do not fight to the bitter end. Whatever the result, they wish to live in order to fight again another day, and for that reason they avoid, if they possibly can, being caught out on the end of some limb which their opponents can saw off. They shy away from any devotion to principles which commits their party irrevocably to novel and unequivocal policies, and they cherish a positive dread of the clear admission of class or sectional bias. In this instance they feared the effect on public opinion in the Middle and Far West of the complete and frank identification of the Republican party with the interests and opinions of big business. They had opposed Mr. Coolidge on this score throughout the session of Congress, and they refused to allow his nomination to the Presidency to carry with it the complete victory of Mellonism over the more agrarian Republicanism of men like Capper, Green and Norbeck.

In spite, however, of the success of the Republican politician in preventing the Republican business man, as represented by Coolidge, Mellon and Butler, from wholly dictating the platform, the net result of the Cleveland Convention and the nomination of Coolidge will be to commit the Republican party to a much more explicit and extensive support of big business as distinguished from small business, and of industry as distinguished from agriculture, than it ever has accepted in the past. For the Chairman of the Republican National Committee will be an eastern business man who has consistently pushed the President into his present exposed position; and he will naturally mold the party propaganda during the campaign by the white light of Mr. Coolidge's personal politics rather than in the relative obscurity of the official platform. The most effective mouthpiece of the party will naturally be the President himself who will be more than human if he does not, by his public addresses, strengthen his own hand in the fight with Congress which would certainly follow his election. His most effective assistants will be the Republican newspapers which are almost all strongly pro-Coolidge and which will not be afraid to identify in the public mind the Republican party with big business rather than small business, with industry rather than agriculture and with the employer rather than with the wage-earner. The fact is, of course, that the advocates of the divine right of industry have become the most aggressive, self-confident and articulate faction among the Republicans. They are by way of assuming the management of the party and dictating its policy. They have not completely succeeded, but with Coolidge as candidate, with Butler as boss, with Mellon as economic and spiritual adviser and with papers like the New York and Chicago Tribunes, the Philadelphia Ledger, the New York Sun and the Boston Transcript as an enthusiastic chorus, they can for the present make the Republican party smell like a Chamber of Commerce.

The regular politicians resent this appropriation of Republicanism by the business men. They realize how disastrous it is for a national party to appear to the public like the creature of one economic interest or faction. The more or less professional Republican politician has always been subservient to business, but he has been subservient to all kinds of business rather than one kind, and in spite of his subserviency he has exercised a great deal of independence. It was his function to manufacture votes, and he would not allow business men, except in so far as they were also politicians, to interfere in his bailiwick. He is struggling now to maintain his in-

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dependence and to prevent the party from identifying itself too exclusively with the interests of a small but powerful class which in the long run cannot secure the allegiance of enough voters wherewith to govern the country. Yet powerful as he is, his will is likely for the present to be overridden. The conditions are against him. The coalition between the agricultural West and the manufacturing East, between large business and small business, between the wage-earner and the employer which underlay the long domination of the Republican party is laboring in a heavy sea. American economic classes are becoming more conscious of their differences. They are entering upon a contest for the satisfaction of their special interests and for the control of the government which exasperates the accommodating politician and compromises the ascendancy which he has exercised in American politics since the end of the Civil War.

Of recent years American business men have come to be a much more united, articulate, class-conscious and thoroughly organized group than they were during the days of McKinley and Hanna. During the last two decades of the nineteenth century they retained some of the characteristics of the pioneer. They were often unscrupulous. They usually bought the political privileges and immunities which they needed in their business. But they were also innocent. They took for granted the identification of private with public interests which gave form to the national economic policy and pervaded American culture. The business man of today has lost this innocence. He is conscious of living in a society in which the interests of different economic groups no longer coincide. His status in his own eyes is not so much that of an individual manufacturer or trader or of a citizen, but that of the member of a class whose common interests need to be defended or asserted. The Chambers of Commerce, the Rotary Clubs and the like, into which he is grouped, are much more powerful, representative and alert organizations than they were ten years ago. They deliberately cultivate good fellowship and emotional solidarity among their members; they consciously identify their own common special interests with those of the whole community; they are beginning to have the feeling and the outlook of a class who by their intrinsic qualities, their training and their peculiarly important stake in the community are entitled to rule. They are already strongly intrenched in the prevailing system of law and its interpretation. They own the most powerful and prosperous newspapers and operate the most effective vehicles of general publicity. They are headstrong, self-confident and impatient of artful political dodging. They have no sympathy or imagination about the interests and states of mind of those sections and classes which lie outside their own immediate experience. They realize that they are a minority, but they propose to compensate for this defect. They expect to dominate the government in part by their energy and competence, in part by skilful propaganda, in part by sheer determination, and last but not least by their ability to bring on, whenever their opponents triumph, a period of business depression and economic deprivation.

The increasing domination of the Republican party by a business man's bloc is not the expression of an accidental or ephemeral fact. It is the political result of the victorious industrialism of American life, of the emerging class-consciousness of the business man, of his prodigious material resources, of his conviction of his own importance and of the comparative impotence and poverty of his predecessor, the traditional lawyer-politician. The latter will doubtless hang on for a long time. Indeed it will not be possible to dispense with his services until American political machinery is simplified. But he certainly cannot continue to govern with as much independence as he has governed in the past unless he can justify his own existence by recovering some knowledge of what the realities of contemporary politics are. His customary arts of equivocation, evasion, accommodation and compromise did conduce to partisan efficiency as long as the several economic classes in the community shared in an abundant general prosperity, but if, as the progressives believe, there is no longer enough prosperity to go around, and if too much of it is accruing to some classes and too little to others, obviously the making of political adjustments will require in the future the use of more aggressive and combative technique. The business man's bloc is forming in order to assert the interests of business during the period of conflict. Its sanguine leaders realize that if they act on the defensive, they will have to suffer a steady diminution of their privileges. They believe in big profits, big fortunes, big business and plenty of it as the clue to the welfare of the American democracy. They intend to govern the country as if this belief were true, and to prove their contention by condemning any other form of government to economic disaster. Politicians will hereafter have to become either their servants or their masters.

Their emergence as the dominant element in the Republican party is a leavening innovation in American political practice. It places the responsibility for the policy of the Republicans in the hands of the class for whose benefit the party has existed since 1912. It increases the reality of American political conflicts and introduces a constructive ferment into party platforms and propaganda. If it is, as we believe, a comparatively permanent innovation, it will modify radically the composition, the strategy and the outlook of both the Democratic and Republican parties. It may mean that during several Presidential elections neither of the old parties nor any of the more progressive competitors for their power will control enough votes to set up an able and authoritative national government. Per-

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haps the period of conflict on which the American people is entering will involve many years of political frustration, cross purposes, chagrin and confusion. But if so, remembering their traditional culture and economic and legal history, the wonderful social results which they have expected to accomplish by stimulating private business and the power and prestige which they have bestowed on the business man, they have deserved such a set-back. They have allowed to grow up and deliberately cultivated one special ruling activity which now naturally seeks to subordinate the whole community to its interests. It cannot be subdued and house-broken without a period of conflict and confusion during which other classes will gradually assert themselves and will vindicate their right to have their interests consulted. It will be a costly transaction; but if democracy is really a method of enabling a people to learn from experience, it will be worth what it costs, and the first lesson must begin with a proposed demonstration such as that which the Republicans are now making. It must begin in a purposive attempt by the business bloc to elect their man President and to convince the American nation that his opponents are advance agents of economic ruin and social insecurity.

Insanity at the Bar of Justice

LEOPOLD and Loeb have pleaded not guilty, and their trial has been set for the fourth of August. They have both signed confessions to the deeds with which they have been charged. In addition the state has a powerful and complete chain of evidence against them. There is little likelihood of the development of fresh evidence that will substantially alter the nature of the crime. The only possible issue is that of the mental soundness and consequently the responsibility of the defendants. In directing their clients to plead not guilty the attorneys for the defense have practically announced that they are going to try to establish the insanity of one or both of the boys.

On the fourth of August, therefore, the resources of the state of Illinois will be pitted against the resources of two wealthy families, and the ingenuity of two of the ablest and most experienced criminal lawyers in America to decide a point which can not possibly be decided. It can not be decided for the ample reason that no one knows. Insanity is still one of the least understood of human maladies. We know just enough about it to know that we know little or nothing about it. The researches of the last few decades have opened up many new channels of investigation. They have enormously complicated the problems. In some cases they have isolated certain conditions and assigned them a definite etiology and even made prognosis relatively sure; for instance, paresis. But if the reader thinks that dementia præcox, which has been mentioned frequently in this connection, is a simple disorder like typhoid, which you either have or you haven't, and one which any competent doctor can demonstrate to the satisfaction of all other doctors, he is respectfully referred to the encyclopedias and the treatises on mental diseases. Dementia præcox is not a disease; it is a collection of symptoms. It may yet turn out to have been half a dozen different disorders. Its causes and its development are utterly obscure and are known only through the most complicated and various external manifestations. There is no sure test for it which can be applied like the Wasserman test with the objectivity of a chemical analysis. Consequently diagnosis is peculiarly a matter of opinion based upon the behavior of the patient. No two experts can possibly make identical observations. Their opinions will therefore be certain to disagree, and their opinions are all the evidence there is.

When this situation is projected into the court room the confusion becomes hopeless. There is no provision in jurisprudence for doubt. When the decision involves only whether the patient should be sent to an asylum, that decision is not irrevocable. If the symptoms disappear, it can be reversed. But here if the patient has the disease, he goes to a hospital; if not, he hangs. And this alternative is simply contrary to the present state of medical knowledge.

But worse than that, there is no provision in jurisprudence for scientific investigation. The only impartial persons in the court room are the judge and jury. Theoretically they should be competent to conduct whatever investigation is necessary to decide the case. Practically, they are the precise reverse. The principles which govern their selection make it certain that they have minds wholly innocent of all matters under discussion. The precedents of judicial procedure relegate them to the position of passive listeners. And the scene which they witness and from which they attempt to glean the truth is the shock of bitterly opposing forces.

There may be cases in which the conflict of interests can be relied upon to bring out the truth, though one may be permitted to doubt even that. Certainly this is not one of them. So far as the prosecution is concerned, the evidence is all in. Guilt is clearly established. The public is clamoring for the imposition of the extreme penalty with all the intensity of which mobs are ever capable. The ancient principle of blood revenge, the oldest, the most primitive, in the moral code—let the guilty suffer—is here preëminently applicable. A state's attorney who set out to follow any other line of procedure at the present moment would be flouting a unanimous public opinion. That is unthinkable for an elective public officer. The objective of the prosecution in these circumstances is simply the death penalty. And in pursuit of this objective it

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will seek to block and to confuse investigation, to becloud the whole subject of insanity in the minds of the jury. And it will probably not fail to point out to the jury that the defendant in one of the most notorious murder cases of the past generation, having pressed the defense of insanity successfully, has been twice released from custody and is now at large. These boys will be made to pay for the release of Thaw.

Not that the motive of the defense is any more nearly in consonance with public policy: the attempt to clear the accused is not made right by being unpopular. It is not right at all if the accused are guilty. But it is the motive natural to parents. They will wish to do the best they can for their sons, and though they have publicly disavowed the intention to use their large resources to stultify the law, they will of course do what they can for their own. If they plead insanity, that will be because they think it preferable to the death penalty for the boys. That is, and should be, a mistake. Most men would rather be dead than demented. Certainly if these boys are insane enough to be not responsible for the crime they have committed, they are too insane ever to be released from confinement. But the whole point to the plea as advanced in the defendants' interest is to get them off. They are visualized in the minds of their parents—minds confused by affection and anxiety—as insane enough to be legally irresponsible but not insane enough to have lost the semblance of the familiar loved ones; insane enough to be innocent of crime, but not insane enough to be beyond the pale of human association.

This attitude, though it is excusable in parents, is nevertheless just as hostile to real investigation and intelligent decision as the popular cry of vengeance. In the present state of scientific knowledge it can not be translated into demonstration. And in the present state of public opinion nothing but the most irrefragable argument will go. Any defense based upon it is therefore certainly quite fatuous. The defense may as well relinquish at once any hope they may be harboring that a verdict can be obtained under which a release from confinement can ever be effected. Furthermore, if they could be induced to do so, a constructive solution would then—and only then—be possible. For then the accused and their attorneys could call upon the state for a verdict and a sentence which would constitute a real contribution to the development of criminal law. And they could get them by offering to waive defense.

For if it be clearly understood and accepted all around that these boys can never be returned to private life, all necessity for further prosecution disappears. Even the present clamor for the death penalty could hardly persist if it were clearly understood that the public interest stood to gain nothing whatever by it and stood to lose the cost of a long trial. Let it be agreed by all parties, the officers of the court, the accused and their defenders, that the court is to set these defendants aside for permanent treatment and study. The jury is instructed to return a verdict of guilty; the judge is to impose a life sentence; the state prison officials coöperating with the state criminologist, who is a psychiatrist of note, are to commit the boys permanently to an insane hospital.

Upon these terms the case could be settled practically without trial. The alternative is perfectly obvious and wholly unsatisfactory. There will be a long and expensive trial, featured heavily in the newspapers. The public funds, large private means, the time of the court and an extravagant amount of human emotion will be consumed. And in the end the boys will almost certainly go to the electric chair. This is what we expect to occur. The prosecution would rather secure a conviction in a spectacular trial than make a contribution to American criminal law. The defense would rather lose a fight for acquittal than insure a life sentence in a hospital. The public would rather clamor than think. And in spite of everything, the question whether and in what sense these boys are unsound will remain a mystery.

Republican Economics, 1924

HISTORICALLY the Republican party has been distinguished by the vigor with which it has applied the resources of government to economic development. At the close of the Civil War the party found itself face to face with a tremendous movement for the exploitation of national resources. The whole people had come to a realization of the possibilities of rapid enrichment afforded by the virgin lands of the Middle North West. By its liberal land policy the Republican party gave an extraordinary impetus to settlement; by its policy of subsidies and land grants to the railways it gave the new settlers access to the markets of the world. At the same time it sought through protective duties, to build up an industry which could hold its own against the expanding powers of agriculture and transportation.

As every American knows, the Republican economic policies of half a century ago were attended by colossal waste and terrible abuses. Our unseemly haste in alienating the national domain gave an impetus to land speculation from which we have not yet recovered. The lack of ordered planning in our development of transportation left us with an almost insoluble railway problem on our hands, and the overstimulation of industry by the tariff gave us the problems of profiteering, of excessive concentration of wealth in the hands of the few, of commercial and industrial monopoly. Nevertheless, Republican economic policy did give us, in the

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large, a rough economic balance. Without the policy of subsidy to the railways much of our territory would have remained long under a pastoral system instead of providing innumerable homes for agricultural settlers. Without the policy of protection the country as a whole would have gone through a period of dangerous dependence on Europe as a market for agricultural products and a source of supply of manufactures. Republican nation building was effective, if rough and ready. It may properly take to itself much of the credit for America's remarkable exhibition of economic power in the crisis of the World War.

But the times change, and new problems of nation building arise. There is no longer a vast waste of virgin land for settlement, nor new domains to be opened by transportation lines. There is no powerful movement toward the development of natural resources to be counterbalanced by favors to industry. Quite the contrary. Industry has become immensely powerful. Transportation is stagnant, and agriculture is languishing. What does the Republican party propose to do about this situation? The platform recognizes formally the necessity of maintaining a proper balance between industry and agriculture. But how does it propose to maintain this balance?

What agriculture has suffered under in the last two decades, but more desperately since the war, has been the failure of agricultural prices to hold their own as compared with industrial prices. The farmer must give more and more of his labor and of the perishable elements in his soil for a given quantity of the industrial products he needs, for his work and his living. Measured in purchasing power, the rewards of the farmer for his labor and management and for the use of his invested capital are much lower than the rewards gained in industry. This is one point which does not need elaboration, because everybody recognizes it.

Any national policy which seeks to restore the economic balance must either raise agricultural prices or reduce industrial prices. The method by which industrial prices might be reduced is obvious. A drastic reduction in the tariff would do it. But the Republican party of Coolidge and Mellon will have none of this method. Instead, they stick firmly to the ancient fallacy that the high tariff, by enriching industry, increases its purchasing power and so provides a market for agricultural products. Let the farmer pay fifty percent more than the world price for his clothing, his groceries, his farm supplies. Those who exploit him will be rich enough to buy his butter and eggs, his vegetables and fruit more freely than they would otherwise. Let me help myself to your purse. I will then enrich you by buying your labor with part of its contents. This in sum is the offer the business men who wrote the Republican platform make to the farmer.

Are we not overlooking the promise of relief to the farmer through "tax reform," a tax reform which shall benefit the 112,000,000 instead of the 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 income tax payers? It would be charitable to overlook this promise. What, in the concrete, have the platform makers in mind? They give no clue, except in the promise of a conference between federal and state officials to discuss means of lightening the burden of taxation and distributing the sources between the federal government and the states. About all this can mean, in fact, is an attempt to transfer the field of inheritance taxation to the states. It is a reform which might be useful to the finances of states like New York, with their aggregation of large estates, but is of no practical significance whatever to preponderantly agricultural states, where fortunes large enough to take high rates under the federal estate tax are few.

The Republican platform holds out no promise whatever of lower prices on what the farmer buys. What does it promise in the way of increased prices for what he sells? It offers the protection of the tariff, which in the case of export products is illusory, without the adoption of the principle of valorization. It offers governmental encouragement of coöperative marketing associations, which again are likely to accomplish modest results unless they become powerful enough to valorize—maintain high prices at home and dump surpluses abroad. It proposes to cut freight rates on agricultural products, but offers no suggestion as to how this could be done without bankrupting the granger roads. If we had a national system of railroads, unified at least on the side of finance, it would be practicable to cut rates on farm products and make up the loss by higher rates on luxuries. But the Republican platform expressly repudiates nationalization under any form.

The farmer has asked the Republican party for bread. He has been given a stone, and not an honest, usable stone either, but a miserable piece of composition material, light and fragile. The conclusion is irresistible. The Republican party has grown old. Creative capacity has gone out of it. It is incapable of working out a plan of nation building relevant to the times.

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Eugenics and Social Reform

PERHAPS the greatest tragedy of our age is the misapplication of science. It is notorious that the principal result of many increases in human power and knowledge has been either an improvement in methods of destroying human life and property or an accentuation of economic inequality. This is largely the fault of the confused thinking of "advanced" politicians. I refer to mental processes such as that which led to our foregoing the use of "mustard gas," the most humane weapon ever invented, since of the casualties it caused, 2.6 percent died, and 4 percent were permanently incapacitated. No one at Washington even suggested abandoning H.E. and shrapnel, which kill or maim about half their casualties. Save for the fact that it was only preventive medicine which rendered practicable the large concentrations of troops in the great war, biological progress has been little exploited for human hurt. But the growing science of heredity is being used in England to support the political opinions of the extreme right, and in the United States by some of the most ferocious enemies of human liberty. And yet it seems likely that the facts, in so far as they are applicable to politics at all, would warrant conclusions of an entirely different nature from those which have so far been drawn, and which have made eugenics abhorrent to many democrats.

The relevant facts fall into two classes, first those which relate to hereditary abnormalities or tendencies to disease, and secondly those bearing on the inheritance of intelligence and the different birth-rate in different social classes. The former are comparatively unimportant. Some, like certain types of eye malady, are transmitted only by affected people to about half their children. It is on the whole undesirable that they should beget their like; but before we begin curtailing the liberties of people already sufficiently unfortunate, we should first try to impress on them their duty to restrict their families, and to see that they have the means to do so.

Other hereditary troubles, apparently including much feeble-mindedness, are mainly transmitted by unaffected people, and not necessarily by affected. If every feeble-minded person were sterilized, hundreds of generations would be needed to eliminate hereditary feeble-mindedness. The question of whether a feeble-minded girl should be allowed to produce an indefinite number of bastards ought to be settled on the same grounds as any other social problem. Such a woman is quite as likely to harm her contemporaries by transmitting venereal disease, and her children by negligence, as to be responsible for the idiocy of future generations. And in particular any legislation which does not purport to apply, and is not actually applied (a very different thing) to all social classes alike, will probably be applied unjustly to the poor.

But hereditary deaf-mutism and feeble-mindedness, though serious evils, are not menaces to national existence, and it is claimed that this is the case with the differential birth-rate in different classes. We must first examine the question how far heredity rather than environment is responsible for the mental differences between the children of different social classes. The question cannot be answered on *a priori* grounds. To take a simple case, illiteracy in England is mainly determined by congenital weak-mindedness, in India by parental poverty. The problem has been attacked along many lines. For example, tests such as the memorizing of arbitrary forms or the time taken to sort out cards of five different colors from a mixture showed as great differences between the children of members of the professional classes and the equally well-fed and healthy children of middle-class parents of similar incomes, as between the latter and the children of the poor. Again, within schools drawn from a fairly homogeneous population the correlation between brothers or sisters with regard to intellectual performance was just the same as that with regard to eye-color, which certainly does not depend on environment. Finally, we have the cases of "identical" twins, who have the same hereditary makeup, and are almost or quite indistinguishable physically. Perhaps the best example of the extraordinary similarity of their mental processes is the well-authenticated story of the pair who were brought before their headmaster for making the same mistake in a mathematical examination, and were able to prove that they had been in different rooms at the time!

All investigators are agreed that mental capacity is strongly hereditary, though, as with stature, environment plays a part in its determination. Of course, two fools may produce a genius, or two dwarfs a giant, but such cases are the exception. It is also agreed that among the poorer nine-tenths of the population the abler members on the whole tend to rise into a richer class than their parents. This is not so among the rich, where the more intelligent are commonly content with incomes of $5,000-$10,000, though even here the converse holds, and fools and their money are soon parted. Finally, there is no doubt that the richer classes breed much more slowly than the poorer, and that this is not compensated for by lower infantile mortality. A thousand married teachers under fifty-five beget annually ninety-five children, a thousand doctors 103, carpenters 150, general laborers 267. Thus the unskilled workers are breeding much faster than the skilled classes, and in view of the demands for intellectual and manual skill in modern civilization

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this is an evil. The British Eugenics Education Society has doubtless done good work in persuading a certain number of intelligent people that it is their duty to have more children. They have also rightly urged lessened taxation of parents of children. But many of their members have coupled this with a clamor against measures designed to ameliorate the lot of the children of the poor at the expense of the rich. It is a curious policy to combat evils due to economic inequality by perpetuating that inequality.

The main reasons for the differential birth-rate seem to be three. First, persons who have money to spend on the education of their children and a prospect of providing them with substantial sums as legacies, marriage settlements, and the like, restrict their families in the interests of individual children. It therefore follows that any measures which tend to disseminate heritable property among the poor, such as the breaking up of large estates, are eugenically desirable. So are drastic improvements in our elementary education and in our scholarship system. The average doctor would probably beget at least one more child if he could be sure that his children would be satisfactorily educated at state or state-aided schools, and that there were sufficient scholarships available to enable any child of intelligence appreciably above the average to enjoy a cheap university education. If I attached the importance to eugenics which certain people claim to do, I should, I think, be bound to advocate the complete abolition of hereditary property, and the free and compulsory attendance of all children at state schools. At any rate, all legislation tending in these directions must be regarded as eugenic.

Secondly, the poor do not know how to restrict their families by artificial means, and their overcrowding renders marital continence and even preventive measures very difficult. The eugenist must therefore approve of better housing schemes, and of all movements designed to spread a knowledge of birth-control among the poor. Thirdly, a certain section of the poor are extremely improvident, and do not consider the consequences of their actions. This leads to poverty on the one hand and large families on the other. But this section probably do not possess any great desire for children, which is, after all, one of the most respectable and unselfish of the elementary human desires. If a knowledge of birth-control were universally diffused I am inclined to believe that they would produce considerably less children than their more provident neighbors, who mostly possess much stronger parental instincts.

Finally, there is a group of causes of a more subtle nature. For example, the women of the richer classes probably suffer unduly in childbirth from lack of previous exercise of a suitable character, and also tend to restrict their families on account of other competing interests. In other words, rich women need more exercise, and poor women more education. Again, those who have risen in the economic scale by their intelligence are often cut off by differences of tradition from partners of the class into which they have risen, by differences of intelligence and education from that of their parents. Class-consciousness is dysgenic in a society possessing a social ladder.

It will be seen, then, that the differential birth-rate is very largely determined by social inequalities of a type already recognized and deplored. If these were remedied the main characters favored by selection would be health and strong parental instincts instead of—as now—the type of mental equipment which prevents a man from becoming well-to-do.

Just the same argument applies to racial problems. It was only the emancipation of the negroes which saved the United States from twice its present black population. This event gave them access to alcohol, venereal diseases, and consumption. Their rate of increase slowed down at once, and it is only between the last two censuses that the absolute excess of negro births over deaths once more equalled that in the decade before the Civil War. In the Northern states and in all towns the negro death-rate exceeds the birth-rate. If in the interests of racial purity all negroes were expelled from north of the Mason-Dixon line the proportion of blacks to whites in the whole Union would be markedly increased within a generation. And prohibition has probably been of far greater benefit to blacks than whites. Those who are convinced of the superiority of Europeans to Indians may console themselves with the thought that a British withdrawal from India would cause a very rapid decrease by war and famine in the number of Indians, and remove any danger of the Indianization of other parts of the empire.

To sum up, the rational program for a eugenist is as follows: Teach voluntary eugenics by all means, but if you desire to check the increase of any population or section of a population, either massacre it or force upon it the greatest practicable amount of liberty, education, and wealth. Civilization stands in real danger from over-production of "undermen." But if it perishes from this cause it will be because its governing class cared more for wealth than for justice.

J. B. S. Haldane.

Though You Would Follow Me

Though you would follow me into intimate distances
If you knew how,
I am a shadow of one who no longer dances.
You cannot clasp me now.
And when you come toward me, I move through your body and mingle
With your own shadow.
And for all of me, in any meadow
You go single.

Witter Bynner.

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Could Al Smith Win?

"IF" says Washington, that is, political Washington, speaking professionally, "if Al Smith is nominated by the Democrats he will win." This, all things considered, is the judgment of those whose experience and knowledge of the political situation is entitled to most attention.

"But," says this same Washington, having delivered itself of the preceding solemn verdict, "but the Democratic leaders will not have the nerve to nominate Smith." This latter pronouncement, be it noted, is the ultimate estimate of politicians upon themselves.

Now, to take up the analysis in some detail, the political experts of the national capital reason something like this: If he is nominated, Governor Smith will, beyond much debate, carry New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Maryland in the East, and Illinois in the centre. His chances of carrying Massachusetts are at least worth examining and recent local developments in Indiana suggest that, at least in the event of a third ticket, Smith's chances there would be appealing.

Looking to the South there is general agreement that the nomination of Smith would provoke one of the most vociferous explosions of wrath and protest in recent times. But would it lead to the loss of any one of the states which make up the Solid South? Washington says not. Kentucky on the border would be, in its opinion, the single possible deserter. If you put a question mark after Tennessee, that sums up the whole situation.

So much for mere statistics, but statistics are dry things, and after all Smith is not only "wet," but what is more a matter of political significance—fraught with "grave consequences," to use "words" locally memorable—he is a Roman Catholic. "Now," says the politician, speaking not for quotation, you understand, "the politician is necessarily a coward. He is always impressed by any organization; the mere joining together of a certain number of people in the Anti-Saloon League or the Ku Klux Klan fills him with apprehension."

"The politician being what he is," says the politician, "his ideal candidate is a nobody, concerning whom no one knows anything and therefore against whom there is no organization of any sort." Probably he adds that the people would not be disturbed by the fact that Smith is a Roman Catholic. On the whole it is even possible that their underlying American sense of fair play would be roused to support Smith if the religious issue were raised. Moreover, as the Blaine episode showed, the Republicans might lose more votes than they gained by raising the issue.

Nevertheless the politician doesn't trust the people. He doesn't know what they might do and he has before him the statistics of the Anti-Saloon League and the Ku Klux Klan. He has read that Nature abhors a vacuum, but his personal reaction is that Nature is a pretty poor politician, for a vacuum is the professional politician's synonym for political availability. To nominate a man who has great popular support is usually to nominate a man who has been sufficiently prominent to make enemies and, what is only less damning, who has probably developed views and convictions of his own.

Put in sporting parlance, the politician is almost invariably a gambler who won't take a chance. Ostensibly he begins to examine his list of possible nominees with an eye single to their strength, actually he doesn't concern himself with their strength—what he looks for is their possible weakness. It is not a question of how many are for, it is purely and simply a problem of who are against, particularly what organizations, sections, religious or racial bodies.

If you put the question on the purely personal basis, Smith has an appeal from the Washington point of view possessed by no other Democratic aspirant. He has youth, achievement, his life story is precisely the kind which has always proved most attractive to the mass of Americans. He represents in his own career the fullest expression in reality of the meaning of the thing we call American opportunity. He has come from the people, he has expressed them, understood them, represented them. On the personal side there is just Smith and all the rest are out of the picture. They have respectability, availability, obvious assets, politically speaking. But the difference between them and Smith is the difference between a live human being and the dummies in a clothing store window.

Moreover, even the politician appreciates the fact that from the professional point of view Smith has a unique qualification. He has the art of getting along with the politician without disgusting the people. He knows how to deal with both without sacrificing either. He can keep on good terms with a boss, like the late Charles F. Murphy, and yet he can carry New York state by a majority which suggests the relation of the old German mark to the gold standard. Usually a boss kills a public man, or the public man throws the boss over and enlists popular support on that issue. Smith has been "regular" with the organization and with the voter at the same time. That is little short of a miracle, in itself.

Yet when all is said and done—and the politician says it all with frankness, there is the outstanding fact, Alfred E. Smith is a Roman Catholic, and this country with a tradition of religious toleration,

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with a profession of liberty and freedom of worship, will not "stand for" a Roman Catholic in the White House. No question of fitness, of honesty, of achievement can weigh as against the fact that the man is honestly, sincerely and unflinchingly loyal to the church in which he was born and has lived.

Observe the paradox however, having said all this the politician then confesses that he is probably wrong, that in the last analysis the American people are not bigots, that they would in all human probability resent rather than adopt the course which he foreshadows. He concedes that Smith would probably be elected if nominated, but all this being so, he concludes—"The politicians, they—we don't dare to do it. We dare not run the risk, the people might be as intolerant as we fear."

There, then, simply and without exaggeration is the Democratic situation as Washington sees it today. If Alfred E. Smith were anything but a Roman Catholic, the Democratic nomination would be as little a matter of debate as the Republican. Not even Smith's alleged "wetness" would have any real bearing. But Washington, the national politicians and several parochial workers have examined the state of mind of these United States at this interesting and promising hour, and they have concluded that the country would not—at least *might* not—"stand for" a Roman Catholic in the White House, and they expect the Democratic National Convention to act accordingly.

"If," says Washington unceasingly, "But," it concludes inevitably. "The people may be better than we think," says the politician, "but the only safe rule in politics, based upon a lifelong experience, is to believe the worst of them. To appeal to popular virtues might pay—but up to date we remain convinced that there are more votes in respecting prejudices."

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Crime and Publicity

Leopold, Loeb, and Chicago

THE recent kidnapping-murder in Chicago is pronounced by expert authority to be the greatest crime in the history of journalism. Wherever the connoisseurs of crime in its public aspect are gathered together, from cub police reporters to old timers, there is but one opinion. De Quincey's account of the meeting of the Murder Club is pale beside these gatherings. The extraordinary collocation of exciting circumstances; the association of two capital offences, kidnapping and murder, in one act; the suggestions of sexual perversion in the background; the baffling nature of the case at first, followed by the discovery of a clue, and the swift march of detection with the logical pattern and the dramatic incident of a Sherlock Holmes tale; and finally the social position of the two murderers, putting them above all ordinary temptation and leaving them as amateurs of crime for crime's sake—all these serve to throw the description of the story into clichés—unique, in a class by itself. One only regret is heard on the lips of the connoisseurs: the lack of a woman in the case. But the public is scarcely conscious of this defect. In the height of the excitement a lady on trial for the murder of her husband, and hitherto known affectionately in the newspapers as the beautiful murderess, was quickly exiled from the front page and acquitted out of hand, apparently not so much because she was innocent as because she was a bore.

To summarize briefly: On Wednesday, May 21, Robert Franks disappeared on his way home from school; on the 22nd. his father received a letter directing him to call at a certain drug store to receive a telephone message with regard to the payment of ranson; on this same day, however, the naked body of the boy was found under a railroad culvert in the vacant land south of the city, killed by a blow on the head or by strangulation. Suspicion was directed to certain of the teachers in the school which the boy attended, and they were held for examination. So sure were the police of this lead that they held these teachers for six days without warrant, and subjected them to the third degree methods of physical torture and menace of death, from which upper class prisoners are usually exempt. Among names mentioned by one of these teachers was that of Nathan Leopold, a former pupil of the school, the son of a prominent merchant, and a law student of the University of Chicago. He was examined on May 25 and dismissed. The day before, May 24, however, a pair of spectacles had been found near the culvert, and later was traced through the optician to Leopold as one of three patients for whom the identical prescription had been filled. On Thursday, May 29, the police went to his residence and found with him his intimate friend, Richard Loeb, the son of another prominent Jewish family. Although no suspicion attached to Loeb he was taken along with the idea that he might be useful in checking up on Nathan's whereabouts at the time of the crime. Both boys, examined separately, testified to having been together on the day of the murder, and set up an exact and circumstantial alibi, agreeing in material points. This alibi, however, involved the use of Leopold's car, and when his chauffeur testified that it had not been out of the garage on the day in question, both broke down and on May 31 made simultaneous confessions, identical except in the matter of the fatal blow. According to their state-

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ments the crime had been planned for months, complicated arrangements for collecting the ransom had been made—only the victim was left to be selected at the last moment.

The first feature of the case to excite comment is its enormous publicity. The Chicago morning papers share with the police a certain vested interest in spectacular crime. A few weeks ago there was an acrimonious exchange of editorial broadsides between them on the practice of securing the custody of important suspects or witnesses, subjecting them to examination in "goldfish rooms" of their own (the police, with a touch of humor, call the goldfish the piece of hose by which the third degree is administered, invitation to which is extended felicitously by the phrase "see the goldfish") and holding them until the first exquisite, exclusive fruit of a story has been crushed against the palate fine of the public through the medium of a single wine press. During the eleven days between the crime and the confession, the newspaper offices boiled with excitement. Reporters were scouring the city; great rewards were offered; the police were pursued, anticipated, tempted, tricked. The latter kept ahead of all competition, however, and the press found itself all on the same footing, except that confessions were held, of course, for the morning papers. Between May 23 and June 6 the Chicago American gave to the case 228 columns of news, conjecture, pictures and comment; on Sunday, June 1, the day after the confession, the Tribune printed, with an apology, twenty-one columns. Not only in Chicago, but all over the country, from New York to San Francisco, papers carried the news in spread headlines.

It may be remarked that this submission of the case in detail to the public makes trial by jury a farce. In no other country of the world which considers the administration of justice a concern of government would it be allowed. The defense will be insanity. Already the newspapers are trying the case on this ground, publishing columns of testimony from alienists and clergymen, from teachers, nurses and schoolmates of the accused. It is scarcely probable that by August 4 there will be anyone of mediocre intelligence in this community who can go into the jury box with an open mind.

This case makes abundantly clear, if any doubt existed, that the interest of the public in crime is not the healthy one of its suppression. On the contrary, this interest may be described as a vicarious release of the criminal instinct itself. A Chicago police sergeant who was for many years head of the Anarchist Squad used to expound the cynical theory that crime was a luxury which a civilized people demanded in certain amounts, the more highly seasoned the better, and which the police and the newspapers were bound to furnish. Off the beat he was a florist. He cultivated anarchists as he did roses, and took equal pride in bringing rare varieties of both to the attention of the public.

The reason why this crime surpasses others in public appeal is that it is the work of young men who consciously appreciate the public point of view. In view of their bungling technique one can hardly call them craftsmen; but they are certainly of the artist class. They were both sons of rich men, with every want gratified. Clearly there was no sordid motive behind their crime. They were amateurs. They were both boys of unusual intellectual ability; Loeb graduated from college at eighteen, and Leopold was even a more brilliant student. They were gifted amateurs. Their scholastic success doubtless ministered to their egoism. They were both students of historical crime; Benvenuto Cellini and Cesare Borgia, will certainly figure in their defense. Both were romantically bored by their luxurious bourgeois life, and they recognized in crime the most powerful means of escape, of setting the individual free from social bonds, of putting him jenseits von Gut und Böse. The same æsthetic motive for crime has appeared in literature—in Crime and Punishment, in Paul Bourget's Le Disciple. They resolved on committing a literary crime, murder for its own sake. They conceived of a masterpiece to be enjoyed by themselves and the public, for public appreciation was necessary to their own satisfaction. Their motive was something like that which Bojer makes his hero in The Prisoner Who Sang give for committing a robbery: "It was done to place my work before the severest of all critics, asking 'Is it alive? Do you believe in it? Does my art give a complete illusion? Is it true to life?'" Of course, escape from detection was necessary to their triumph, but their cool demeanor when first examined, shows that in their rehearsal they had not overlooked the possibility of being suddenly faced by a development of their rôles before the public.

Leopold in particular enjoyed his artistry. When first taken for examination by the police, he asked an officer named Johnson if he was George Johnson, one of the men wanted in the case. At police headquarters he delighted his questioners with a learned account of perversion in the Renaissance. In the days immediately after the discovery of the spectacles he was taking his examinations at the law school with complete sang froid, and even called on one of his instructors for the purpose of discussing with him the case in detail. He was in the habit of taking a group of small lads out to study bird life. After the discovery of Robert Franks's body, instead of dismissing the group at a common point he escorted each one to his home, explaining to the mothers that he appreciated their anxiety and shared it. He had a moment of delighted triumph when he pointed out the amazing stupidity of the Illinois penal code in making it possible to commit two capital crimes for one penalty. Why kill? Why not, since kidnapping is punishable by death and killing makes it safer?

Richard Loeb was apparently a normal boy, good-natured, prepossessing, sharing the college youth's

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chief interest next to his studies, sports and girls. Leopold was a recluse and a cynic, devoted to his intellectual interests, but sullen and indifferent toward those who shared them. Leopold had gained great ascendancy over Loeb—the authority of a masterful mind. Whether or not sexual perversion played a part in their relation, there was something uncanny about it; it was a case of possession—of witchcraft. Doubtless this sense of power over his associate, of bending him to his will, was a source of Leopold's preliminary enjoyment of the crime—another literary motif.

An important phase of the relation between the two youths and the public is due to the fact that they both are of the privileged class. The populace has always taken a kindly interest in the scandalous exploits of its millionaires, from Clodius to Harry Thaw. And these young men are intensely class-conscious. They both asserted on their arrest that they feared no extreme penalty, and expressed quite simply their belief that money would pull them through the ordeal. Why should they not believe it? They know quite well that the rich break all laws, that they are not punished and no one expects them to be punished. Within recent months the President of the United States pardons a bootlegger; the Governor of Illinois is acquitted of embezzlement by a jury accused of having been bribed; the directors of a mining company or a starch factory, who in defiance of law allow conditions which result in explosion and the death of scores of men, are not even reprimanded by the coroner. Why should they not expect to get away with murder? The parents have issued a statement promising that they will not seek by their wealth to defeat the ends of justice. No extraordinary sums for alienists' fees are to be paid, and the fees of the attorneys are to be fixed by a committee of the bar. That the rich should deny themselves the use of their money to purchase justice is regarded as highly sportsmanlike, and approving comment in the press is general.

The trial will be largely one before public opinion, which will be represented by the jury. If Leopold and Loeb escape the extreme penalty it will be because society does not demand their death. And if it does not, this result will be because of the tragedy of two youths of its favored class suffering on the scaffold the grim fate which it meted out with no pity, rather with unctuous self-approval, to the anarchists, to the car-barn bandits, to thousands of poor men who in a very proper sense were its own victims.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

A COMMUNICATION

Reconstructing Hungary

SIR: It is perhaps typical of the topsyturvydom which has followed in the path of war and so-called peace that an Irishman should make so bold as to ask the great favor of being permitted to deal with an article which was written about Hungary and by an American in London. The Irishman's excuse is that he has been financially though unofficially advising the Hungarian government for the last fifteen months and that Mr. Eugene S. Bagger's article, if allowed to go unanswered, is calculated to endanger the happiness and, possibly, the lives of some millions of people.

Mr. Bagger says the League of Nations scheme would not help the people of Hungary, but would primarily "bolster up a counter-revolutionary regime that has earned the condemnation of progressive opinion throughout the world." Before the League scheme could hope to succeed the Allied powers must compel Hungary to fulfill an international pledge which, he maintained, was given in November, 1919, to Sir George Clerk as to the holding of "free and impartial" elections. And to give practical point to his contention Mr. Bagger added that the loan of $50,000,000 proposed by the League was hopelessly inadequate to save Hungary without increased taxation of the land.

That could, however, only be enforced by compelling Hungary to hold the "free and impartial" elections. The "one thing" the present Bethlen government will not do, he wrote, "is to increase the taxes on land. That measure would be a denial of its own raison d'être. It might just as well abdicate in favor of Count Karolyi."

Recently the Hungarian Parliament raised the land taxes from 7,000,000 to 33,000,000 gold crowns a year. In addition, twenty percent of the largest landed estates have been surrendered to the government in payment of capital levy and for the purposes of land reform. Count Bethlen has not "abdicated," is not likely to, and nothing has happened about the elections.

In his references to the election pledge to the Allies Mr. Bagger has fallen, quite honestly I am sure, into an error commonly accepted as fact because so frequently and so maliciously circulated. During part of the time in 1919 when Sir George Clerk, with great ability, conducted the negotiations on behalf of the Supreme Peace Council I happened to be in Budapest.

After careful reëxamination of the official correspondence and renewed communication with those who took part in those negotiations I can state definitely and with official authority to justify my assertion that the arrangements between Sir George Clerk and Hungary related solely to the specific elections of a National Assembly with whom the Supreme Council could begin to negotiate a Treaty of Peace. The negotiations were conducted with the clear understanding on both

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sides that they were merely "ad hoc." The agreements reached in November, 1919, automatically lapsed upon the signature of the Treaty of Peace at Trianon on June 4, 1920. After that date the Treaty arbitrarily constituted the sole basis on which rested the external obligations of Hungary. There is, of course, nothing whatever in the Treaty as to the manner in which Hungary shall conduct her elections and still less anything which could justify intervention by a foreign power on such a purely internal affair. . . .

Of less importance in connection with the present situation but of some historical interest is Mr. Bagger's contention that the resulting elections in February, 1920, were not carried out on the lines stipulated by Sir George Clerk. Recognition of the provisional de facto Hungarian government was only granted in November, 1919, subject to their undertaking "to hold the elections without delay . . . and to guarantee to every Hungarian national full civil rights, including those of a free press, free right of meeting, freedom to express political opinions and a free, impartial, secret, and democratic election based on universal suffrage." (I quote from Sir George Clerk's signed letter.) Two Social Democrats were included as ministers in the provisional government formed by a coalition of all parties to hold these elections and recognized by the Supreme Council. Before the elections could be held, on January 16, 1920, to be exact, these two Social Democrats resigned from the government and simultaneously their party decided to take no part in the elections on the ground that they were being prevented by violence from electioneering and that their political and personal freedom was being interfered with. In their letter of resignation, which I have before me, the Social Democrat leaders did not accuse their colleagues in the government of being directly responsible, but maintained that "acts in direct defiance of the government are everyday occurrences" and that "the instructions of the government are not being observed." It is undoubtedly true that feeling against the Social Democrats on account of their supposed sympathy with the Bolshevist terrorists ran so high that they could not get a fair hearing or, indeed, fair treatment. It was most regrettable, but it must be remembered that less than six months previously the Bolshevists had been murdering and pillaging throughout the country and that most people associated these horrors with those who held Social-Democrat convictions. The fact that the Social Democrats—because they considered that a makeshift government, from which they had resigned, was powerless to give them adequate protection—abstained from taking any part in the elections does not, I venture to think, annul the election itself. Even in well-behaved England there was a case only at the last general election—almost in the shadow of the Mother of Parliaments—where a candidate was compelled on account of mob violence to abandon all his public meetings and conduct his campaign by letter and pamphlet. (Incidentally, he was elected.)

The Hungarian elections were held in February, 1920, with secret ballot and universal suffrage, which, by the way, had been legalized by a decree of the acting Premier Friedrich on November 17, 1919, not, as Mr. Bagger says, by a law promulgated during the Republic of 1918. To the extent of introducing the secret ballot and universal suffrage, the then Hungarian government did their best to live up to their "ad hoc" agreement with Sir George Clerk. That they were unable, in those chaotic times, to preserve complete order and insure full freedom of action was regrettable, but not altogether surprising. That the Social Democrats, despite the safeguard of the secret ballot, felt compelled to abstain, was equally regrettable. But neither of these circumstances annulled the elections; still less could they be construed to have any legal or international bearings upon the constitutional character of the other Hungarian governments which have held office since the Treaty of Peace was signed in June of 1920. If the Allies had considered the elections illegal they had the power to insist on another election and to refuse to make peace with a government improperly elected. The Allies, of course, did nothing of the kind and made peace on the basis of the February, 1920, elections.

In dealing with the Hungarian elections which followed in 1922, when Count Bethlen had become Premier, Mr. Bagger is as unfair as he is incorrect. He states:

> About one third of the electorate was deprived of the vote by cunningly contrived restrictions. Worst of all, Count Bethlen's measure substituted open pooling for the secret ballot in all but a small fraction of the constituencies. The import of this innovation is indicated by the fact that the twenty-four Social Democratic deputies who succeeded in squeezing their way into the Assembly were elected without exception in the districts where secret balloting was retained. The gendarmerie and the Fascist contingents of the Awakening Magyars saw to it that no such accident should happen in the constituencies where the polling was open.

The truth is that out of the twenty-four Social Democratic deputies five, or 20.8 percent, were elected by open ballot. Mr. Bagger probably does not know that until this Bethlen election of 1922, when Social Democratic deputies "squeezed" their way into the Assembly despite the gendarmerie, not one Social Democrat had ever been elected to a seat in the Hungarian Parliament.

The "cunningly contrived restrictions" by which "one-third of the electorate was deprived of the vote" consisted, in the main, of adopting the women's suffrage law of enlightened England. Under the provisional Hungarian franchise Decree of 1919 women of twenty-four were allowed to vote; under the franchise of 1922 the age was raised, as in England, to thirty. This accounted for 81.6 percent of the curtailment. The remaining 18.4 percent was accounted for by raising the male voting age from twenty-one to twenty-four. . . .

If the New Republic were not a serious organ of international thought and if I had not received from friends in America letters drawing attention to Mr. Bagger's article, I should hesitate even to quote the following amazing statement:

> A prominent Hungarian fresh from Budapest, re-

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marked to me the other day: "No, we haven't a White Terror any more—all we have is a half a dozen political assassinations and a massacre or two a year." Everything in Hungary has been stabilized, including the outrages. But if the White Terror is less terroristic than it was in 1920, it is also infinitely better organized.

I can only imagine that Mr. Bagger must have fallen in with some Hungarian in London who was perpetrating a miserable joke at his expense. The police records show that in the whole of Hungary, with a population of 7.9 million, since January 1, 1922, only eleven persons have met their deaths by murder and outrage attributed to political or racial causes, and that only fifteen non-political murders have been committed. In all cases the perpetrators have been arrested. Nine of the eleven persons who met their deaths through political outrage were killed by one bomb. Only ten attempted political outrages have been reported to the police during the last fifteen months. Political outrages are deplorable, but to my mind the reckless invention of "massacres" with apparently deliberate purpose to discourage or prevent the economic restoration of a whole nation is still more criminal. . . .

If any of your readers should suspect that the Hungarian police have "cooked" the murder statistics for an ingenuous and sympathetic foreigner and that Mr. Bagger's "prominent Hungarian fresh from Budapest" cannot have lied on such a stupendous scale, I can only say that reference to any American or other foreign official who has been in Budapest for the last year or so would confirm the complete inaccuracy of Mr. Bagger's picture of "stabilized" White Terror and outrages in the Hungary of today.

Even if most of the information and the premises on which Mr. Bagger based his article and his conclusion were correct—which fortunately for Hungary is not the case—I should still be inclined to think that to leave Hungary to her economic fate constituted a greater danger to the world than trying to help her through League of Nations control. Countries like Hungary, if they collapse economically, have a knack of bringing other countries down with them. Assuming that Hungary were just as unregenerate as Mr. Bagger paints her, she could not get very much worse under the financial control of an able American citizen. If, as Mr. Bagger suggests, the League scheme is bound to fail because the wicked Bethlen government will not tax the land, then the Bethlen government will also come to grief because they are responsible, despite the opposition of the Social Democrats backed up by those curious political bedfellows the Awakening Magyars, for imposing the League scheme on the country.

The fall of Bethlen, Mr. Bagger would apparently regard as a redeeming feature of the League's experiment. On the other hand, if Mr. Bagger is as wrong about the future of the League scheme as he has already proved to be about the taxation of land, the nefarious "landed oligarchy"—as he describes the present Bethlen government—will probably continue but will only be able to buy just so many machine guns with which to terrorize the poor voter as Mr. Jeremiah Smith, of Boston, determines to be necessary. That expenditure is not likely to be heavy.

The argument that a country which has accepted foreign control of its finances and given all the political guarantees which have been demanded by the League of Nations should be allowed to collapse merely because it has been or is now imperfect politically is surely so contrary to common sense and to the common welfare of other nations as to be ridiculously untenable.

What is really a serious matter is that the League's plan may be assured of success. Thanks to the untiring energy and statesmanship of Count Bethlen, Hungary has reached a friendly settlement of all the outstanding difficulties with her neighboring states and is now putting into execution the drastic financial reforms and economies demanded by the League and approved by the Reparations Commission. By forced loans and sacrifices Hungary herself has already provided the finance necessary to the initial stages of reconstruction. All that is now required is the $50,000,000 external loan which, under the administration of an American controller, is estimated by the League as necessary during the first two years of recuperation. If by any chance that were not forthcoming there would be such economic and social chaos in Hungary as might exceed the strength even of Bethlen's government. Then there would arise the question of foreign intervention to restore internal order. Once that crisis was reached the opposing territorial and political aims of various powers desirous of becoming the policeman of Hungary might well set Europe again aflame. If those who think that a helping hand should be extended only to the politically perfect would visit these countries and study on the spot the dangers of the situation they would be less apt to criticize or obstruct the League's reconstruction plan for Hungary.

During two and a half years in Austria and fifteen months in Hungary I have been in close and friendly relation not merely with government and financial circles but with the bitterest opponents of the governments, with labor leaders, and with all classes of the two countries.

I am heart and soul with Mr. Bagger and all those who genuinely desire and work for greater political freedom and democracy in Hungary. I do not agree that this is likely to be hastened either through the compulsion of foreign governments—even if there were the tiniest legal peg on which to hang such compulsion—or by threats based on money bags, or by the invention of imaginary massacres. I do honestly believe, however, that there will be sure, though perhaps gradual, progress in political and social development in Hungary, after being in the cauldron of an unpopular and disastrous war, of revolution, Bolshevism, foreign occupation, reparations, and depreciating currency can once more be put on her economic legs. That, in my opinion, can only be done through the League of Nations plan.

WILLIAM GOODE.

Budapest, Hungary.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Again the Idle Middle-Aged Woman

SIR: "See the poor little bird with no cage." Thus Alice Wholey in her article (May 28) The Job and the Middle-Aged Woman. We are asked to pity the hard lot of a woman of fifty in good health who has achieved leisure.

Marian is not troubled by a social conscience that cannot enjoy idleness in an overworked world. Nor is she portrayed as troubled by economic dependence on her husband. No—it is leisure itself that is regarded as tragic. "I must do something or I shall go mad," she says and falls to scrubbing the kitchen floor.

It is not exclusively a woman's problem. A successful business man, forced to retire, expressed the same despair, "Life means nothing to me if I can't go to the office every day." Both are victims of the American creed, in which they are devout believers.

"I believe Man was evolved to work, and at top speed. For that —the glory of the stars, sunrise, and bird-song. The beauty of earth, the mystery of life exist merely as stage setting for the industrious Ant-Hill."

One word as to the passing of the need for "Marian's sort of home." As we all know, the industries of the old home have been taken over by society. Do we ever reflect that the cultured personality, the sympathetic understanding of the experienced mother must also be embodied in the community of life, if that life is not to degenerate into one vast factory, ugly, joyless—work-besotted?

JULIA PARKS.

Fort Lee, N. J.

SIR: May I offer a suggestion to the "released mother" of whom Alice Wholey writes so tragically in your recent issue? No need for her to be "scrapped"! If there's no place "in the life of today" for the kind of home she makes let her try making another kind of home. There seem to be all sorts of use for the kind of home I'm making, although I'm nearly fifty and my family is grown. I can't get away from it.

I never did like housework. But when I married—some thirty years ago—I married a man who wanted a home, and I made him the kind of home he wanted. Not a home of "formalities" and "much beautiful entertaining"—quite the contrary. It has always been a home of utter informality where anybody who came along could find comfort, rest, friendship, somebody who was interested in his particular problem, and was glad to listen to him with awe if he happened to be one of the learned specialists, or merely with sympathy if he happened to be a commonplace individual like herself.

The honest truth is there is nothing that every man, woman and child in the world needs so much as a home—the sort of home that aims at usefulness and service instead of style and conventionality. . . . I believe that any woman who has a home has a tool of unlimited usefulness—in this age of tired, rushing, homeless mortals. If she can't find a use for it she is either too rich or too stylish, and happens on that account to be with the wrong crowd. "The idle fifties"! Imagine it!

X. Y. Z.

Washington, D. C.

The Symbol of the Cross

SIR: Recently I was travelling with a Y. M. C. A. secretary in a Ford through a rural industrial section of America. The secretary was carrying an electric cross to use in a pageant in a nearby community. The cross was too long for the back of the Ford, so that the end extended outside the car.

The roads were well-nigh impassable. It was necessary for us to stop at intervals to inquire about the road ahead, and seek help with our chains and engine.

As each fellow-traveller offered assistance, he commented on the cross in terms like this:

"Is there going to be a fiery cross burning tonight?"

"Are you Koo Koos?"

"We would be afraid not to help a Klansman in trouble."

Finally, we were pushed out of the last mud-hole and started over the hill to our destination. We were thinking long and hard on the state of affairs which must exist when the cross becomes to many Americans only a symbol of the invisible empire of the Ku Klux Klan. It seemed not to have occurred to our fellow-citizens that the cross had ever signified anything else.

ELEANOR COPENHAVER.

New York, N. Y.

McAdoo and the Press

SIR: By the time you receive this, it must have become apparent to any one blessed with even rudimentary political intelligence, that the effort to eliminate or ex-communicate W. G. McAdoo has failed. The trouble with Brennan and Taggart and poor old Charlie Murphy was, that they never understood the American public. The vast majority of Americans are professing Christians. They are not necessarily "hard-headed, practical men," for they are easily moved. They would like, not only to profess Christianity, but also to practise it, and whenever they can make time they yield to its immense influence. But in all frankness, we feel that we "cannot afford" to practice Christianity to the exclusion of every other consideration on all occasions. I do not defend this, and if you practise Christianity, on all occasions, you are entitled to criticize us, even if you can find no positive wrong-doing in us; but the minute you gratify your desire to criticize us, for not being perfect, you fall under condemnation of that hard Christian exhortation, "judge not lest ye be judged." The American public was not in the least surprised to note that Brennan, Taggart and Charlie Murphy should have got together to eliminate McAdoo. It was perfectly natural that they should have done so, and, if they could succeed, they had a perfect right to. The Washington correspondents, also, had a perfect right to make the wires daily hum with declarations, that they did not see how McAdoo could possibly be nominated. The most intelligent of them, David Lawrence, Coolidge's life preserver, never was caught in any such puerile utterance; but the bulk of them, being ordinary men, were no more capable of sizing up McAdoo than the specialists of the days of Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln were capable of sizing up these two political giants. McAdoo is not a Jackson, nor a Lincoln, nor yet a Wilson. It is quite possible that in not a few particulars he falls below each. He may not be first in war, nor first in peace; but it is beginning to look as if he is first in the hearts of his countrymen. And this war that the press has conducted against a man guilty of no positive wrong-doing and coming out from six years' pressure of the very greatest responsibilities, without spot, stain or slip, to give some of his strength to the support of his family, has brought behind him the great host of honest sinners, recognizing in him, or believing firmly that they do, the one man they think capable of successfully grappling with that slow death you so wonderfully and truly describe in your admirably clear, striking, staggering article, The Slackening of Business.

THEODORE D. JERVEY.

Charleston, S. C.

An Expert on Europe

SIR: While in Europe last summer, I espied an American senator sitting in the lobby of the best hotel in Berlin. To serenade my own soul I wanted to find out what this "bitter ender," this irreconcilable of the battalion of death, thought of the European situation and what he considered was the matter with the Old World anyhow. I found him quite cordial.

"So you want to know what's the matter with Europe?" he repeated. Then he added confidentially: "I can tell you in two words. It's war!"

That was the only piece of genuine humor I ran into during the 5,000 miles of travel—and I visited all the cabarets and amusement places, too.

ARNOLD A. MCKAY.

Annapolis, Md.

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A Party of Principal

SIR: I was glad to see that you considered my letter on Third Party methods worthy, at least, of serious criticism. Certainly nobody can deny the importance of a suitable economic soil for a political movement to grow from. Yet, with full recognition of the justification of your emphasis on this side of the matter, I wonder if you have not somewhat underestimated the power of an idea and a guiding principle. We all recognize the importance of the economic factor in the development which led to the American revolution. Yet, when it came to a choice between simple resistance to parliamentary encroachment in economic matters and independence, I think the idea, the new principle, as preached to the broad masses by Thomas Paine and others, got the better of the economic interest as centred in the merchants. At least this is the way in which I interpret even Schlesinger's searching scrutiny of the subject. It is well known that Ferdinand Lassalle in Germany found his greatest difficulty in arousing the workers to the idea that they had any human rights at all. There was every kind of wretchedness among them, true enough. But this they regarded as the order of nature, or as the will of Providence, and there was little sign that this wretchedness would engender a political movement. It was only when this wretchedness had kindled in the fiery soul of an outsider the idea of a better order of things that the movement got under way. Very similarly I wonder whether we can say that the emancipation of the slaves anywhere in the world was brought about by class discontent. Quite on the contrary, was it not everywhere the result of the flaming protest of a handful of freemen who rebelled against the idea of a brother man being sold as chattel?

There is in this country growing very fast at present a sentiment that individual profit making as a motive on which to base our social activities, is all wrong. Its ugly excrescences have been altogether too apparent during our last two wars and the ever continuing fight against child labor and against exploitation of women in need shows altogether too plainly that the profit motive will stop at no lengths in gaining its ends. The opposition to the profit motive, I think, is here largely centred in religious and sentimental ideas, and will continue to gain an increasing number of adherents in the religious field, more even perhaps than in the field of labor. Witness the activities of the Inter-Church World movement in the steel industry and the fact that even men like Harding could not finally help being affected by this rising tide of sentiment.

I am not at all certain that in this country all this presages a final prevalence of socialistic ideas, as has come to be the case in England. Quite on the contrary it is quite possible that we shall wish to maintain the forms of business as a sort of sport. But men must be brought to see that the main reward is socially valuable results successfully produced, not in extraordinary self-enrichment. We may not at all wish minute and bureaucratic regulation of our economic activities, perhaps still less universal government ownership. What we wish is a sort of universal human chivalry, a sort of religious attitude, which causes every doughty man to accomplish the socially useful, and to contribute to human happiness, simply because that is "the thing to do," and the only way to obtain honor in the lists. What I wish to see is a great political party committed to these principles, and ready to pass laws in this spirit, whenever laws are needed.

C. A. NORMAN.

Columbus, O.

The Quakers and War

SIR: I fear some of your readers will gain a wrong impression of the dealings of the Quakers with their membership on the subject of war from your recent editorial paragraph on the Methodist Conference. The Quakers rest the question of supporting any war on the individual consciences of their members, as much as did the proposed resolution brought before the Quadrennial Methodist Conference at Springfield.

When William Penn, feeling himself a Quaker at heart, asked George Fox whether he should continue to wear his sword, the founder of the Quakers said, "Wear it as long as thou canst." It was in pursuance of a present-day interpretation of this attitude during the Great War that I, as presiding officer and clerk of the New York Congregation of Friends (Quakers), was instructed to write to those of our members serving in the army a letter of love and hope that they would always live up to their highest ideals.

The strength of the Quaker position lies in their half-formulated but widely practised adventurous belief in the brotherhood of man. The power gained by living in this belief showed itself during the Great War when so many of those (outside of administrative positions) engaged in social service work refused to have any part in the war. These, like the Quaker Reformers, had been accustomed to go unarmed into the so-called dangerous places of the world and had been accustomed to meet the evil in the world face to face. They were accustomed to find themselves safer than if they had been escorted by battalions of police, and they had found that a sympathetic human interest in the trials, tribulations and sufferings of mankind, was able to meet and cure the cause of the evil, where all that soldiery could have done was killing the evil doer or hiding the evil with a show of pageantry.

EDWARD THOMAS.

New York, N. Y.

Filipino Self-Government and Small Pox

SIR: The following is from a letter to President Eliot of Harvard, President of the Society of Friends of Medical Progress, written by Dr. Richard P. Strong, director of the important School of Tropical Medicine, Harvard University Medical School:

"Before the American occupation of the islands there were frequently between 30,000 and 40,000 deaths annually in the Philippine Islands from smallpox. When systematic, properly controlled vaccination was introduced and thoroughly carried out the disease disappeared shortly afterward in those districts in which the vaccinations were properly made. Thus in the city of Manila for five years prior to 1912, when I left the Islands, there was not a death from smallpox. This condition continued for two years longer. After this general vaccination of new-born children was not insisted upon and often not carried out. In 1918 the disease became epidemic and 50,000 deaths followed—one of the greatest smallpox catastrophes of modern times. As Dr. Victor G. Heiser of the Rockefeller International Health Board has emphasized, on the basis of population the islands lost ten times as many lives from smallpox during 1918-1920 as the United States lost from casualties in the World War. General vaccination was then resumed and the islands are again almost free from smallpox."

Is it not significant that the great catastrophe followed close upon Governor General Burton Harrison's inexcusable neglect of his responsibilities in turning over his own functions to the Filipinos to be played fast and loose with? Also that the improvement began when General Wood became Governor General? The general death-rate from other diseases had also appallingly increased. Among the doubtful blessings of "self-determination" is to be reckoned an alarming spread of the rinderpest among the carabaos and other cattle.

I note a general disposition among the liberal and radical press to depend for their "information" concerning the Philippines upon the propaganda bureau for which the Insular legislature appropriated a million pesos. It was given out by the Governor General not long ago that the vouchers showed the payment of twenty thousand pesos out of his fund for writing his book in support of Filipino fitness for self-government. Is there any more merit in accepting that sort of propaganda than the French or other transatlantic brand?

To me the prime consideration is the health, happiness, advancing intelligence and general welfare of the common people. I am a liberal. But I cannot see any liberalism in shirking our responsibilities by casting the Philippines adrift. That simply implies the sacrificing of these invaluable gains of the public in exchange for an illusory independence, but more tangibly an actual subjection to an oligarchy of corrupt and incompetent politicians. Deliberately to assure a frightful increase in the death-rate is indeed a cruel fruit of independence. It looks strikingly like murder.

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

Boston, Mass.

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France and Russia in the World War

An Ambassador's Memoirs, by Maurice Paléologue. Translated by F. A. Holt. Volume I (July 1914—June 2, 1915). New York: George H. Doran Company. $7.50.

WHEN these significant diaries were first published serially in the Revue des Deux Mondes (January 15, 1921), they were prefaced by an author's note, telling something of his career. For some reason or other this preface was omitted when the diaries were published in book form, and it is not reprinted in the English translation. This is very regrettable indeed for in those introductory remarks M. Paléologue is very straightforward and very frank in telling of his political views before 1914, and this information is almost essential for a just appreciation of what appears in the diaries. He states bluntly, and in so many words that when his school friend, M. Poincaré, summoned him from the legation at Sofia to become director at the Quai d'Orsay, he was already imbued with the conviction that the "growing intransigence" and the "occult machinations" of the German government, as evidenced in the recent Moroccan crisis (!)would inevitably lead to a conflict in the near future. Since the publication of Isvolski's correspondence no one need be in doubt as to M. Poincaré's own views in this direction. His cabinet was composed of men like Millerand, Delcassé, Joffre and Aubert, and while he himself retained the portfolio of foreign affairs, he knew that Paléologue would be a useful assistant. The fundamental idea of these men was that a war with Germany was unavoidable, and that it would be the part of wisdom to prepare for it, especially by galvanizing the old Franco-Russian Alliance into a new spirit and by attempting to bind England more closely to her friends. As for Paléologue personally, his stay at the Quai d'Orsay only strengthened his belief that "German diplomacy was inflexibly pursuing a vast plan of hegemony, and that the inflexibility of its views each day increased the danger of a conflict." He noted with the greatest regret the "noisy pacifism" of Caillaux and his group, which, he felt, would only whet the appetite of the Germans. When, in December 1913, he was asked to take Delcassé's place as ambassador to Russia, he pointed out to Doumergue that "the general situation in Europe indicates an early crisis," and refused to represent his country at the court of its ally unless he were given the assurance that the cabinet would stand firm against the Chamber and hold high the standard of the Franco-Russian Alliance, the only policy "which permits France to pursue her historic mission in the world." A conference with Poincaré removed his doubts on this point and in January 1914 Paléologue left for St. Petersburg. He was back in Paris, in June 1914 to arrange for the coming visit of Poincaré to Russia. It was the crucial moment in the struggle of the government with the socialist groups who demanded the repeal of the three years military service law. Paléologue took up the cudgels and threatened to resign unless the law were maintained. Even Viviani was taken aback by the ambassador's obstinate insistence on the proximity of the international crisis, but Paléologue simply reiterated: "I have the inner conviction that we are travelling towards the storm." When he again reached St. Petersburg on June 26,1914, he brought to the Czar the assurance that the military law would be maintained at all costs.

The very first entry in the diary, dated July 20, 1914, gives the setting, and there never was a more dramatic one. It is a glorious summer day. In the little harbor of Peterhof lies the imperial yacht, awaiting the arrival of Poincaré, and Viviani, aboard the France. The Czar, Sazonov and Paléologue are at table, smoking cigarettes between courses. The subject of the conversation is characteristic. The Czar inquires about the ambassador's uneasiness concerning Germany, which is apparently notorious in official circles. Nicholas himself cannot believe that the German Emperor wants war, but his companion does his utmost to persuade him that in any case the Kaiser could not prevent a conflict if it threatened. For the Germans "a success is essential at any price, and to obtain it they'll risk some adventure." All this at a time when the Austrian ultimatum was still in the future, when the crisis was by no means acute, when the question was still distinctly an Austro-Serbian one, and when friction had not yet arisen between Russia and Austria, let alone Russia and Germany. "Happy prologues to the swelling act!"

It would be impossible to enter here into the details of the diplomatic play preceding the outbreak of the war. M. Paléologue takes care not to lift the curtain too high. He tells us of the long conferences between Poincaré and the Czar, in which the former did most of the talking. But he tells us nothing much of what was said, though he must have been in the full confidence of his friend and chief. We have Poincaré insisting "with force" on an open discussion between all the great powers, "taking care that one group is not opposed to another," but it cannot be said that his conduct at St. Petersburg was such as to inspire faith in his theory that "with a little good will this Serbian business is easy to settle." There was very little good will in his sharp warning to the Austrian Ambassador on July 21 that "Serbia has some very warm friends in the Russian people; and Russia has an ally, France." In private he confided to his friends his real views: "Austria has a coup de théâtre in store for us. Sazonov must be firm and we must back him up." There is the French attitude in a nutshell: a war is inevitable and the Central powers must be defeated—diplomatically if possible, otherwise militarily. These gentlemen may not have wanted the war, but, as the Russian Ambassador in London had remarked some time before, they would not regret it. The Czar and Sazonov were obstacles to war. But on the one side were the French, and on the other side the militarists, led by the Grand Duke Nicholas, whose attitude is reflected in the rhapsodical outburst of the Grand Duchess Anastasia, the "Montenegrin Sybil," as Paléologue calls her. The peacemakers were indeed between the upper and the lower millstones.

When Poincaré left for home on July 23, a policy of firmness had been decided on between the two governments. Paléologue's job was cut out for him and he needed no further instructions. In the whole French Yellow Book there are only about fifteen telegrams exchanged between him and the French Foreign Office, and these are quite unimportant and unnecessary. Paléologue's duty was to prevent back-sliding on the part of Sazonov and the entries in his diary for the last days of July show how faithfully he stood guard. German proposals to alleviate the tension, which might have made Sazonov

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waver, were dismissed as part of a policy of threats, designed to drive a wedge into the Franco-Russian Alliance. All the way through it is the same monotonous theme: "Germany has promised her ally a great personal triumph. She is convinced that we dare not resist her to the bitter end;" "Berchtold has put himself in the wrong. It's our business to make him solely responsible for everything that comes;" "We shall not avert war;" "It's war this time."

Paléologue was representing the view of his government, so far as we can see at present. Nowhere is there any evidence to show that France ever made a move to restrain her ally. Her efforts were directed solely towards preventing Russian blunders and towards making the Central powers appear the culprits. One passes over with a smile Paléologue's note of July 27: "We diplomats had lost all influence on the course of events," and one gasps to find him ranging himself by the side of Sazonov and Buchanan as one of those who have the right to claim that they "have conscientiously done everything to save the peace of the world without sacrificing to it those two other and still more precious possessions, the independence and honor of their countries." From the diaries it would appear that Buchanan was tne outcast just because his government refused to sign away its soul immediately and unquestioningly.

The outbreak of the war is only the very beginning of this first volume, which carries the story down to June 1915. The larger part, while perhaps of less immediate importance, is certainly the more interesting and fascinating. It might well be called The Decline of the Russian Empire. In it Paléologue appears as an alert and keen observer, as a man who thoroughly understands Russia and the Russians, and who is under no illusions. After August 1, 1914 his duty was plainly to watch over the interests of his country, and these interests demanded that Russia play an active military rôle, particularly in the west, against Germany. There was sufficient reason to suppose that this program would prove even more difficult to carry through than it had been to initiate. The Czarist system was notoriously rotten, and every war for the past two generations had led to domestic disorders. At the court there was no end of intrigue, and those who were well-informed knew that among the high aristocracy the alliance with France had never been popular. Was it not incongruous that Russia, the traditional head of the Holy Alliance of bygone days, should wage war by the side of democracies against the leading monarchies, especially where the immediate pretext for the war had been the shedding of royal blood? Paléologue appreciated this and it put him on his guard. Of course he could not do much openly, but at least he could keep a close watch on the activities of Rasputin and particularly of Count Witte, who made no secret of his belief that the war was a huge blunder and should be stopped at once.

The book is fairly crammed with interesting observations and deep reflections, both on men and on things. And it is all told in a masterly fashion. Paléologue is a man of artistic temperament and a writer of high order who has won distinction in other types of literature. The figures in this drama are living beings, taken from every stratum of society, human actors who speak from the pages and leave a lasting impression on the mind. One sees the Czar, honest and well-intentioned, but weak and discouraged, pious in his narrow way and fatalistic: "I succeed in nothing I undertake; I have no luck at all. . . . And anyhow, the human will is so impotent. . . . Believe me, I have a presentiment—more than a presentiment, a secret conviction, that I am destined for terrible trials. . . . But I shall not receive my reward on this earth." And yet this pathetic figure, so far removed from all that is going on about him, thinks of imposing his will on the conquered, and of partitioning Europe anew when the day of victory comes. By his side is the unfortunate Empress, who, though a German by birth, seems to have absorbed successfully all the least desirable traits of the Russian—"an unhappy neurotic who carries an atmosphere of unrest and worry about with her."

Most interesting is Rasputin, whose occult influence is the Leitmotif in the story of Russia's collapse, and whose name runs like a red thread through the whole book: "Dark, long and ill-kempt hair; stiff black beard; high forehead; broad, acquiline nose. But the whole expression of the face concentrated in the eyes—light blue eyes, with a curious sparkle, depth and fascination. His gaze was at once penetrating and caressing, naïve and cunning, direct and yet remote. When he was excited it seemed as if the pupils became magnetic. Where, in all the books that have been written about this "evil influence" can one find so succinct and realistic a portrait?

These are the figures at court, and I have mentioned only very few of them. The background of the picture is the great dark mass—the people. With them, as Paléologue rightly judged, the ultimate decision lay. Will they hold out—will their enthusiasm last? In no book that I know can the transformation of the Russian national spirit be so accurately traced as in these pages. With keen anxiety the ambassador watches his humble allies as they march to battle, with cries of "We'll destroy these filthy Prussians!" "What notions, reflections, demands, what new spirit or what new soul will they bring back with them to their own firesides?" With alarm he notes the "wave of pessimism" as early as the first days of September. Every stage in the downward course is carefully recorded. Already in mid-September the ovation to the Serbian national anthem is more restrained, "in fact, very restrained." Many even then seemed to him to be thinking: "If it had not been for the Serbs we should still be at peace!" There comes a renaissance of enthusiasm in October, when the action of Turkey opens up the prospect of realizing the age-long hopes of possessing "Tsargrad." But even this new spirit is tempered by a growing distrust of the government and particularly of the court, that hotbed of intrigue. By late November the writer finds "nothing but pessimism and expressions of war-weariness or disillusionment." People are convinced that Russia will "never again get the better of the Germans." Some of the more educated even went so far as openly to accuse France and a dangerous thought appeared: "It is France which has dragged Russia into the war in order to recover Alsace-Lorraine for herself at the price of Russian lives." People would not believe that in order to win Constantinople Germany must first be conquered: "The Byzantine mirage mesmerizes public opinion more and more." In the spring of 1915 the indifference and coldness with which the Czar is received by his army is apparent to everyone, and by June, the date with which this volume closes, the autocracy is already on the down-grade. No more fitting and prophetic dirge could have been found than that of Putilov on the last two pages:

The days of Czarism are numbered; it is lost,

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lost beyond hope . . . Revolution is now inevitable . . . But with us revolution can only be destructive, because the educated class is only a tiny minority, without organization, political experience, or contact with the masses . . . No doubt it will be the bourgeois, intellectuals, 'Cadets' who give the signal for the revolution, thinking that they're saving Russia. But from the bourgeois revolution we shall at once descend to the working class revolution, and soon after to the peasant revolution. And then will begin the most frightful anarchy, interminable anarchy, ten years of anarchy! . . . We shall see the days of Pugachev again, and perhaps worse!

WILLIAM L. LANGER.

A New England Nun

Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson, edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

"SHE had the soul of a monk of the middle ages, bound up in the flesh of Puritan descent, and, from Heaven only knows where, all the fiery quality of imagination for which genius has been burned at the stake from the beginning." This from the devoted niece and biographer of Emily Dickinson, does not err through understatement. It is nearer the truth to say that she felt the inclinations toward devoutness and dissent that are inherent in the genuine Puritan, a monastic tendency that came to fulfillment with blighted love, and a native humor that redeemed her days and her words throughout the last quarter-century when she tarried behind her own hedge-rows, and the last seven years when she never challenged the outer light of day.

She was a well-bred daughter of New England with a conventionally unreflective orthodox mother, and a gentleman of the old school for a father, a gentleman who adorned the bar by his presence, his character and his practice, who patronized the church but did not join it till late in life, and who figured sublimely at the annual Cattle Show where he bore witness in the saddle to his often-expressed resolve always to own the best horses in town. Emily wrote of the family, "I have a brother and a sister, my mother does not care for thought, and father is too busy with his briefs to notice what we do. He buys me many books, but begs me not to read them, because he fears they joggle the mind. They are religious, except me, and address an eclipse, every morning, whom they call their Father."

There has been so much miscellaneous vilification lately of the New England traits which are vaguely condemned as Puritan, that it is worth while to look back for a moment at Emily Dickinson's girlhood surroundings. In the family she was held to certain standards that belong to good breeding. In her Life and Letters there is no evidence that she was bidden not to do or say what she felt like doing and saying. The expectation that she would be a lady carried with it certain requirements, no doubt; but these, though different, were no more imperative than the requirements expected of her father's stable-boy. When the stable-boy fell short she regarded him with tolerant amusement:

> NED—Dennis was happy tonight and it made him graceful. I saw him waltzing with the cow and suspected his status. You told me he had not tasted liquor since his wife's decease—then she must have been alive at six this evening. I fear for the rectitude of the barn. Love for the police.
>
> EMILY.

And when Emily overstepped—as when she publicly defied Mary Lyon's decree of Christmas as a day of fast and ran away from Mount Holyoke to celebrate the feast with her family—they admired her spirit even while they were negotiating for her return.

Beyond the Dickinson hedge the town was prevailingly conscious of the presence of the college. And the college was a stately, odd, irrational and quite consistent product of its ancestry. It was founded, like the old Harvard and the old Yale, by godly men, a Dickinson among them, to school young candidates toward the learned professions, primarily toward the ministry. The phrase applied oftenest to the youths they hoped to ordain, was "pious and indigent," with a hope for their piety and a certainty of their indigence if they were gathered into the fold. It was founded on the rock of protestant orthodoxy, the tipping rock of ages of which the protest and the orthodoxy are always disturbing the balance. And it was founded in the extraordinarily unstable decade when young America was uncertain of its experiment in democratic government, unsettled by its rapid economic developments, and upset by the imported scepticism of everyone from Voltaire and Goethe and Byron and Shelley and Tom Paine. Republican and Citizen were the red political words of the hour; Unitarian and Transcendental the old guard's terms of ecclesiastical abuse. From mid-colonial times Harvard had been falling back toward the heterodoxy that overtook it just before 1800; but though the seaport neighborhood of New England had followed the lead of Roger Williams, the Connecticut Valley had remained true to the Mathers and Jonathan Edwards. Very likely that explains why in 1837, when the author of The Single Hound was playing as a little girl with the author of Ramona in the Dickinson garden, Yale was the largest college in New England, Amherst was second, and the Harvard to which Emerson delivered that year his address on The American Scholar, was third.

For a few years students flocked in and divinity seemed to be efficiently at work, shaping the rough-hewn ends; but then came a reaction. Some of the students, perhaps the less pious and indigent, had minds of their own; and regardless of the fact that cotton thread held the Union together, they took up the anti-slavery cause. The college authorities tried in vain to cope with the situation, and, torn between patronage and principle, bungled badly. There followed repression and resurgence of free speech, a Preston Brooks episode in college chapel, an expulsion, and the estrangement of southern support. At the same time a college issue of the day was raised on the troublous matter of the commencement appointments, a Reign of Thorough ensued, the arch-rebel was made to eat his own words—the original form of forcible feeding—and a threatened secession of the junior class was barely averted. It was an unhappy time, followed by an unhappy falling off in registration, an accumulating series of annual deficits, and the resignation of the second president with disaster impending.

Thus Amherst College was born of the old dissent of the Puritans, built by local enthusiasms, and established in orthodoxy. The undertaking was all very energetic and

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very human. As a product of them all a little college was dedicated to the old faith; and dissent has been asserting itself stoutly there ever since. The vitality of the college was no doubt ensured in the fact that it was not entrusted to an unchallenged despotism of saintliness. It was set up in a Yankee town of saints and sinners. If the theses of the Darwins were undreamed of, so were the faintest premonitions of the Eighteenth Amendment. Here was the new college with its slender enrollment, and across the road was the old apple-jack distillery with an annual output of no mean proportions. The farmers and the nearer neighbors turned out finely to erect the first building, and a furlong from where they erected it one of the townsmen not long after profiteered handsomely from a little acreage it needed to spread over.

Emily Dickinson was aware of every phase of this life. She enjoyed herself normally with the town girls and the college boys. She went to the stately parties at the president's house and Deacon Sweetser's, and helped as hostess at home. She thrilled at the tender sentiments of Oh, Summer Night; Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast; Are We almost There? Said the Dying Girl; Comin' through the Rye and Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep; and was dully impressed by the pomposity of Mrs. Sweetser who always received in purple gloves, with a deeply sweeping boarding-school curtsey, and "waved aloft a feathered fan sent her from a thousand miles up the Nile by a missionary friend." She also refrained from the profane mention of cards and dancing, but danced the while with discretion in the providential absence of her elders. It was apparently the discretion rather than the dancing that caused her any later regret. Else why should she have written to her little niece as a birthday admonition, "Be sure to live in vain, dear. I wish I had"?

In spite of her quip on the religiosity of her family she was as essentially religious as poets always are. The religion which she mentioned with irony was something to be put in quotation marks for those who could not catch her nuance for the word. She used it as one who was quick to point the finger of mockery at cant speech or visible sanctimony: "Our church grows interesting—Zion lifts her head—I overhear remarks signifying Jerusalem . . . They have not yet concluded where to move—Mrs. W. will perhaps obtain board in the celestial city . . . Father . . . did not say a word about the Hippodrome or the Museum, and . . . none of us dared to ask him, and besides Grandmother was here, and you certainly don't think I'd allude to a Hippodrome in the presence of that lady! . . . I know of no choicer ecstacy than to see Mrs. F. roll out in crèpe every morning, I presume to imitate Antichrist."

She felt a pleasure akin to that of Sarah Kemble Knight, her predecessor by more than a century, in a jaunty use of scriptural allusion: "Vinnie is picking a few seeds, for if a pod die, shall it not live again?" When the wife of a crabbed doctor died, her only comment was, "I should think she'd rather be the Bride of the Lamb, than that old pill-box!"

She had the type of mind that came of preoccupation with the supernatural. Her point of view is pretty completely revealed in a sentence she wrote to Mrs. J. G. Holland:

> It seems to me many a day since we were in Springfield, and Minnie and the dumb-bells seem as vague—as vague; and sometimes I wonder if I ever dreamed—then if I'm dreaming now, then if I *always* dreamed, and there is not a world, and not these darling friends, for whom I would not count my life too great a sacrifice. Thank God there is a world, and that the friends we love dwell forever and ever in a house above.

The elusiveness of the passing day and the sense of the outer world as a symbol of the inner life are common to many sorts of religious experience in which intellect and imagination combine. But the necessity for belief in an objective heaven is an unexpected bit of primitivism to conjoin with these. It did not belong so much to the sort of person Emily Dickinson was at it did to the sort of person she dissented from. It was in the orthodoxy that amused her. It was what made Gates Ajar so popular, that pseudo-novel of agonizing speculation about a circumstantial after-life. Occasionally she doubts it, but forthwith doubts her own doubt :

> If roses had not faded, and frosts had never come, and one had not fallen here and there whom I could not waken, there were no need of other heaven than the one below—and if God had been here this summer and seen the things that *I* have seen—I guess that He would think His Paradise superfluous. Don't tell him, for the world, though, for after all He's said about it, I should like to see what he *was* building for us.

All this rather attenuated play with ideas came while she was still young and still acquainted only with as much of life as gentle upbringing and village days could give her. Then she went on her one excursion into the outer world; in a few weeks came back shattered and bereaved of a love that could not be fulfilled and thenceforth was a recluse. In the years that followed she seems to have been most choicely herself when she was least contemplative. To think consciously was to become sombre, sententious, and too often obviously commonplace. But the spontaneous playchild was still the irrepressible when she forgot herself:

> L—goes to Sunderland, Wednesday, for a minute or two; leaves here at half past six—what a fitting hour—and will breakfast the night before; such a smart atmosphere! The trees stand right up straight when they hear her boots, and will bear crockery wares instead of fruit, I fear. She hasn't starched the geraniums yet, but will have ample time, unless she leaves before April.

Yet in all the later years she was writing now and again, often by way of familiar notes the body of verse that is now known as the Poems of Emily Dickinson. They were not for publication. She did not even mention them to her family, except at the end to bid that they be burned. Fortunately they disobeyed her; but the poems as the world can read them are not half so rare as the gay personality behind them. She wrote her little nephew, "Mother told me when I was a boy that I must turn over a new leaf. I call that the foliage admonition;" but if Mother's admonition was intended to make the errant child more serious and literal, it was wasted. Though she entered the cloister, she took her gaity along with her piety, and she kept it to the end.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

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The Amalgamated Illustrated Almanac

The Amalgamated Illustrated Almanac, 1924. New York: Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. $1.00.

THE Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America are already conspicuous for their broad interpretation of the sphere of the trade union. Their collective agreements have not merely given the clothing worker better hours and wages but have "established him as a permanent active and influential factor in the clothing industry." The Chicago Unemployment Fund and Employment Exchange, to mention only two of their numerous enterprises, are evidence of constructive participation in industrial organization. The Amalgamated has construed workers' education in the same liberal fashion, refusing to limit it to economics or the class room. "Labor education will be real education only in so far as it makes the arts and sciences available to progressively larger and larger masses of working men and working women," says Dr. Kallen in the Almanac now under review, and the Amalgamated is rapidly making such education a reality. In pursuit of this program the Union has begun in a small way to publish a library for its membership. Various pamphlets on industrial and union topics from the pen of writers both inside and outside the organization have appeared in the last few years. In 1922 the Union made its first excursion into the humanities with the Amalgamated Art and Education Calendar, followed in 1923 by the Amalgamated Illustrated Almanac, an anthology of poetry, art, Russian short stories, philosophy and history interspersed with facts and figures of the labor movement, which could usefully adorn anybody's ten-foot shelf.

The Amalgamated Illustrated Almanac-1924, is larger, richer and more contemporary in interest than last year's issue. Maxim Gorky, Walt Whitman and Carlyle have given place to James Harvey Robinson, C. A. Beard, Scott Nearing and the labor leaders. The editor, J. B. Salutsky, has himself taken a larger share in the writing which on account of his clear and imaginative style is an added attraction. The numerous signed articles by officials of the Amalgamated and other unions have tinged the book with labor philosophy and given it an interpretative rôle.

The Almanac is however in no sense a mouthpiece for the administration or a vehicle for propaganda. That is one of its significant and pleasing surprises. One turns to The Highway of Human Living expecting to see economic determinism writ large, but finds instead Professor Robinson and Mr. Salutsky explaining history in terms of biological evolution, technical inventions, slow changes in primitive psychology, and the dreams and utopias of the professional thinkers. The purpose of the volume is so plainly to stimulate thought and whet the appetite, rather than to indoctrinate the reader with any set of hard and fast ideas, that one can overlook the few disappointing lapses into the language of the soap-box and the formulae of the traditional struggle.

Both volumes are profusely illustrated with sculpture, paintings, political cartoons, and above all some extraordinary portrait photography of the varied types and nationalities in the clothing shops. Novel features in the 1924 Almanac are biographical sketches of scientists and revolutionaries, and a bulky section devoted to American history, institutions and picturesque features of American life. The Amalgamated, steeped in the cultural traditions of its large foreign-born membership is peculiarly adapted to add to its other activities that of Americanization, in the better sense of blending cultures. The Amalgamated is in its latest venture leading off towards a new "proletarian culture," and is setting a unique standard in labor literature. In this connection let the American press, and the American employer in his capacity of journalist, take note of how publications "for the workers and by the workers" can be prepared.

JEAN ATHERTON FLEXNER.

The Autobiography of an Idea

The Autobiography of an Idea, by Louis H. Sullivan. New York: Press of the American Institute of Architects. $3.00.

OF the three distinguished architects who died recently, one had reached the abbreviated summit of his career; one was still climbing magnificently; and the last, Mr. Louis H. Sullivan, had led the way into the promised land, only to perish in solitude before the caravan could catch up with him. It is not by his buildings that Mr. Sullivan will live: the Auditorium Building in Chicago is doomed, and the handful of other buildings, though they bear his vivid impress, are scarcely more than sketches towards the architecture he sought to create. Mr. Sullivan's importance derives from his vision and personality. As Mr. Claude Bragdon implies, in his introduction to the Autobiography, he was the Walt Whitman of American architecture: his houses are yet to be built, even as Whitman's manly democracy is yet to be born.

The Autobiography of an Idea traverses Mr. Sullivan's childhood, adolescence, and early maturity; and it speaks so well for itself that I have no hesitation in leaving its details to the reader—the mixed parentage, the New England landscape, the first stirrings to boats and bridges and brawny men, the fine discipline of Moses Woolson, the early program of an architectural career, and the young apprentice's encounter with Philadelphia, Paris, and Chicago. All this Mr. Sullivan has treated with imaginative sincerity and tenderness; and if he lingers studiously over his childhood it is because of his conviction that a democratic education "shall recognize that every child is the seat of genius." Whereas for the ordinary biographer youth is only the prelude to a career, for Mr. Sullivan, one might say, youth was the career and what we call maturity seemed little more than the fading of the vision into the light of common day.

With the deep strain of mysticism that ran through Mr. Sullivan's thinking went a rigorous logic which, to a timid and paltering world, often seems much wilder than the mystic's plunge into nameless abysses. It was this second quality that Moses Woolson hammered into shape, and to which Monsieur Clopet, his tutor in mathematics, gave a classic form. Finding it necessary to cram for

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the Beaux Arts examinations, Louis approached M. Clopet. Let me quote the memorable interview:

> "And what are the books you have under your arm?" Louis replied: "Books I was told at the American legation I would need." "Ah yes, let me see them." He took the books, selected a large work of Descriptive Geometry, and began to turn the pages. "Now observe: Here is a problem with five exceptions or special cases; here a theorem, three special cases; another nine, and so on and on, a procession of exceptions and special cases. I suggest you place the book in the waste-basket: we shall not need it here; for our demonstrations shall be so broad as to admit of no exception."

If this could be done in mathematics, why not in architecture? That question was the key to Louis Sullivan's great career.

When Mr. Sullivan returned to Chicago that city was just beginning to recover from the double disaster of a great fire and a financial panic; building was not merely looking up: the ground landlord was looking upwards, and with the aid of the high speed elevator the office-building was rapidly adding story to story, until the masonry became so bulky that the architect was forced to introduce a steel framework to take the place of a sustaining wall. Mr. Sullivan was perhaps the first architect to grasp the full logic of the situation. Function must determine form: the skyscraper must be proud of its height: therefore the architect must cease to think in terms of horizontals and three dimensional ornament: he must conceive the building in the mass, lifting upwards; and if he use ornament at all it must be for the sake of the texture and color of the whole.

This mode of treating the skyscraper has become such a commonplace in our American metropolises that we do not realize, perhaps, what a departure it was in the early 'nineties when, in reaction against the massive designs of Richardson, the more cultivated architects were returning with servile affection to the forms of the Renaissance. Sullivan's conception of building was logical and straightforward: unlike the architects who catered to the whims of the rich whilst the great mass of buildings remained chaotically and meanly designed, Sullivan sought to be the architect of democracy: if democracy demanded skyscrapers, it should have them—not attenuated Renaissance palaces—and what was good architecture in the skyscraper was good in the dwelling house and equally valid in the factory as well as the bank, since he had employed a demonstration "so broad as to admit of no exception!.

Alas for his hopes! Just as John Root and Louis Sullivan were separately evolving a method of treating all these new problems in building, the World's Fair came into existence, and cut across their dreams by its sterile exposition of a harmonious classic-renaissance architecture. The leading jobs of the time were given out by empire-builders and magnates who sought to enshrine their domesticity in Roman villas and Renaissance palaces; and in the classic designs of Messrs. Burnham, McKim, White, and a host of others they found their own taste and culture crystallized. It was Louis XIV and Napoleon I all over again. The great railway stations and libraries and stadia and tombs had nothing to do with the friendly democracy Louis Sullivan lived for: alike in their conquests and their philanthropies, the exponents of big business had no use for Sullivan's conceptions. Even the skyscraper, whose form Sullivan had been so quick to seize, was little more than a rent-producing device; and their owners had precious little regard for an architect who, in order to improve the lighting of rooms or the character of the elevation might capriciously refuse to cover the last square foot of land. The sequel to the Chicago Exposition is not told in the Autobiography; but it must be added as a postscript.

The successful architects of the last thirty years have been those who have thrown themselves into the spirit of our more or less imperialistic business-system and culture, or those who like Messrs. Goodhue and Cram, have by a happy accident kept outside the province of commercial exploitation by limiting their work to churches, schools colleges and occasional public buildings, usually done in a canonized mode. In neither of these categories did Sullivan belong. Hence his jobs became fewer; his period of maturity contained scarcely any work that drew forth his great powers and facilities; and he died in Chicago, a neglected and probably a broken-hearted man, solaced at the last only by the appreciation given to the Autobiography of an Idea when it was published for the first time in the Journal of the American Institute of Architects.

Louis Sullivan perhaps dimly appreciated that the forms in architecture which survive are determined by forces outside the province of the individual architect; but his faith in democracy was so deep that these forces seemed almost personal—he felt himself frustrated by deliberate refusal on the part of his contemporaries to see the light. With our present perspective, it is easy to see how inevitable was his defeat. Had coöperation not failed in the Granges, had the Populist movement been successful, had the exploitation of natural resources not gone to the head, like strong drink, had the virgin soils not been skinned to provide cheap food to spawning cities, there might have been something of a democracy left for Louis Sullivan to house. Had only the old America survived the Civil War!

The whole "set" of the American community, however, was away from the ways and ends that Sullivan had been familiar with in his childhood. Both Whitman and Sullivan were so far children of the Declaration of Independence that they could attribute the change and the disaster to the warping influence of a monster they called the Feudal Idea; but the truth is that the institutions they thought were old had but newly and nakedly come to light in America when its settlers, in leaving behind most of Europe's miseries, left behind its sanities and beauties as well. If one looks for Whitman's democracy today, one must go perhaps to Denmark or Norway; if one looks for Sullivan's architecture, one must go to Finland and examine the works of Eliel Saarinen, or to the Netherlands and witness the creations of a whole school.

The America that Sullivan and Whitman dreamed of was further away than they would have dared to think. Perhaps one could ask no more of the Autobiography of an Idea than that it should stir up in the minds of its American readers a sense of all that they might have possessed and might have treasured—and have lost. For the patriot, like the prophet, must wait long before his country is ready to receive him.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

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The Right behind the Revolution

The American Revolution: A Constitutional Interpretation, by Charles H. McIlwain. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

NO competent historical critic will question the wisdom of the judges in awarding the Pulitzer prize in American history for 1924 to this study of the constitutional aspects of the American Revolution. Professor McIlwain's book is more modest in bulk than the average doctoral dissertation, but in content it fulfills every desideratum of historical workmanship; originality of conception, clear definition of thesis, congency of argument, cautiousness in deduction, justness of documentation, and a grasp of the scources underlying the dicussion which inspires great confidence in the author's conclusions.

It is now perfectly agreed among historians of the American Revolution that that event was ultimately caused by a difference of theory on both sides of the water as to the nature of the British empire or the relation of the colonies to Parliament and the Crown. The "filiopietistic" interpretation of the Revolution, sanctioned by the name of George Bancroft, as the revolt of the Americans against a deliberate design of British "tyrants" to enslave them is now left to certain types of propagandists who apparently care less for the truth revealed by the contemporary documents of the Revolution than for the perpetuation of an attitude towards Great Britain which they believe mistakenly, however honestly, to be the test of patriotism. The new point of view has been admirably set forth in a number of recent books by scholars in both countries. We may cite, for example, the lectures of H. E. Edgerton, the Beit Professor of Colonial History at Oxford, and The Causes and Character of the American Revolution, Professor Van Tyne's penetrating analysis of The Causes of the War of Independence in the first of his three projected volumes on the founding of the American Republic, and the brilliant study of Professor R. G. Adams of North Carolina on the Political Ideas of the American Revolution: Britannic-American Contributions to the Problem of Imperial Organization, 1765-1775.

All these books, however, deal primarily with the political and immediate problems of the years just preceding the Revolution. Professor McIlwain, on the other hand, while not wishing to minimize the importance of these problems, contends that the discussion of them does not go to the root of the matter. Back of the exciting controversies of the decade and a half succeeding the accession of King George lies the fundamental question of the true constitutional relation of the colonies to the Parliament and the Crown of Great Britain. The separation of the colonies from Great Britain was a political act. It could not be both constitutional and revolutionary, for "the terms are mutually exclusive." Up to the early summer of 1776 the Americans insisted that their opposition to Parliament was not revolutionary but constitutional—a resistance to unconstitutional acts on the part of the British government. The only way in which their claim can be vindicated or disproved is by an examination of the precedents in the British constitution itself. It is this task which Professor McIlwain undertakes in the present study, and he brings to it a remarkable equipment as an expert in British constitutional law.

The crux of the question is this: Were the colonies, as part of the dominions of the Crown of Great Britain, subject to the authority of Parliament over the realm? In other words, did the parliamentary supremacy in England accomplished by the Revolution of 1688-1689 extend ex proprio vigore to the dominions beyond the seas? American historians, says Professor McIlwain, generally answer these questions in the affirmative, and rest their defense of the Revolution on other grounds than the constitutional one. Thus, Professor A. M. Schlesinger says (New Viewpoints in American History): "It may as well be admitted that the colonists would have lost their case if the decision had turned upon an impartial consideration of the legal principles involved;" and Sydney George Fisher declares (The Struggle for American Independence): "To suppose that there was any part of the empire to which the whole power of Parliament did not extend was as absurd to an Englishman in 1774 as it is today." Professor McIlwain dissents from such judgment, and reaches the conclusion, from a careful examination of the precedents, that the constitutional, legal claims of the colonies were just the strongest claims that they had, much stronger than the pleas of their charter rights, of the Whig doctrine of the engraftment of the law of nature upon the British constitution, or the final appeal to the rights of man, independent of the constitution.

It is impossible, within the limits of a brief review, to follow Professor McIlwain's cogent arguments, drawn from precedents extending as far back as the thirteenth century. Far more than half the book is devoted to the examination of the constitutional protest of Ireland against the act of May, 1649, establishing the Commonwealth, with supreme authority in the Parliament of the English people over "the dominions thereunto belonging," and the consequent Declaratory Act of 1719, in which "Parliament asserted its absolute power over Ireland." The famous Declaratory Act of 1766, binding the American colonies, was directly copied from the Irish act of 1719, as Professor McIlwain shows by printing the two acts in parallel columns. And the American pamphleteers, like James Wilson, John Dickinson, and John Adams, made use (as their modern successors have not) in their apologies for American resistance, of the Irish constitutional precedent and parallel. Indeed, Adams wrote in his Novanglus:

> After all, I believe there is no evidence of any express contract of the Irish nation to be governed by the English Parliament, and very little of an implied one; that the notion of binding it by acts in which it is expressly named is merely arbitrary; and that this nation, which has ever had many and great virtues, has been most grievously oppressed. And it is to this day so greatly injured and oppressed, that I wonder American committees of correspondence and congresses have not attended more to it than they have. Perhaps in some future time they may.

Professor McIlwain's volume is the fulfilment of Adams' suggestion of 1774. The case of the American colonies was even stronger than that of Ireland, as the astute Adams noticed, because (with the possible exception of New York) there was no claim of conquest on the

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part of England. The status of the inhabitant of the Channel Islands, the Isle of Man and of the post-nati in Scotland is also brought into evidence to strengthen Professor McIlwain's argument for the soundness of the constitutional claims of the Revolutionary pamphleteers.

In fact, these claims of exemption under constitutional law from the authority of a Parliament at Westminster to bind Englishmen beyond the realm were, in Professor McIlwain's opinion, the only ones which offer "a complete justification for the whole of the American demands." The charters, on which the colonists were at first disposed to rest their rights, were broken reeds to lean upon. Not only did many of the colonies not have any charter, but, as the case of Virginia and the New England colonies shows, the charters, as grants to corporations, were subject to revocation by the courts. And as to the reliance upon the Whig doctrine of natural law engrafted on the British constitution, (the position of James Otis and the Stamp Act Congress, for example) that was abandoned after the uncompromising assertion of parliamentary absolutism in the Declaratory Act of 1766. Chatham might except taxation as a matter of principle and Burke might counsel conciliation as a matter of expediency, but the Whigs had no sympathy with the fundamental American claim of exemption from parliamentary absolutism. The Whig doctrine, as Professor McIlwain truly says, "offered no more remedy against an oppressive parliament than the theory of divine right had offered against a despotic king, and that was only 'sighs and tears.'" Had the author been tempted to stray into the field of political history, he might well have shown how little the Whigs themselves did, in their long tenure of power in the eighteenth century, to extend the blessings of the Revolution of 1688-1689 to the American colonies, and thus possibly win them to an attachment to the mother country which would have been strong enough as a foundation for the plans of a Daniel Leonard or a Joseph Galloway in this country. Finally, when the colonists "retreated" from the arguments from their chartered rights and from the law of nations to the appeal to the rights of man; and when they repudiated the authority of the king as well as that of Parliament, the issue passed beyond the constitutional stage. Whether "revolution" began then or fifteen years earlier, when the Americans began seriously to call in question the constitutional right of Parliament to exercise supreme authority over "the dominions belonging" to the people of England (as asserted in the act establishing the Commonwealth of 1649) depends on the decision of the case discussed by Professor McIlwain in this volume. That it is an issue of fundamental importance for the vindication of the American Revolution every historian will be forced to concede.

The only blemish on the perfection of this extraordinary little book is a certain carelessness in proof reading. Professor McIlwain must have meant to say that Americans were willing to concede the authority of Parliament in matters of external trade "in theory" rather than "in practice," in 1774; the title of Montesquieu's work is printed De L'Esprit des Lois; and the date of the Declaratory Act is printed 1768 instead of 1766. If the book has a fraction of the recognition which it deserves at the hands of the public, there will be ample chance to remedy these and other slips in future printing.

DAVID S. MUZZEY.

The Conscientious Objector

The Conscientious Objector in America, by Norman Thomas. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.00.

MR. THOMAS'S book on the "conscientious objector" is one of the most disheartening documents yet published for those who believe that the lessons of history are worth learning and actually learnt by successive generations. No one can doubt that during the war conscientious objectors were in every country treated abominably. Nor is it true that this treatment was generally unknown: it was not. It was generally ignored. Now that the war is over it is still ignored, though now with better reason, partly because shame forbids its too open recognition, partly because it really presents a problem which has not been solved, and is often felt rather than understood. Mr. Thomas shows the horrible treatment to which conscientious objectors were subjected, but he scarcely states sufficiently the underlying problem. It is this: when the state claims the right to regulate all other individual conduct in the interest of the community, without granting the right of the individual to choose how he will behave, why should it make an exception in favor of conscience, rather than any other kind of preference?

Politically the conscientious objector is merely a man who governs his conduct by his personal preference rather than by the will of the people: there is no theoretical difference between him and the evader of the Volstead Act. Dean Inge indeed goes so far as to prefer the latter to the conscientious objector, and it is certainly true that in the best society there are more who evade the Volstead Act than had conscientious objections to the draft.

Still less is there any reason why conscientious objection to fighting in time of war should be treated differently from conscientious objection to paying taxes for the maintenance of an army in time of peace. Why is it then that we do in practice think that "conscience" puts disobedience to law on a different plane from any other reason?

It is the survival of an antiquated theory of society, and the objector really raises the whole question of the nature of society and its relation to individual conduct.

There are two theories possible between which nations seem always to oscillate. We can say that the individual owes everything to the nation—the state—which has the right to command his conduct. When it makes a law he must obey. That is the theory of such eminent but diverse persons as Charles I and President Eliot. The King, it is true, thought that this divine right resided in himself, while the President ascribes it to the will of the majority, but in principle I can see no difference between them. It is the theory of divine right, whether of kings or of majorities. The other theory is that the state owes everything to the individual. Freedom of conduct, of thought, and of speech, provided they do not hinder the freedom of other persons, are the basis of civilized progress.

The first theory certainly does not always work well, and the tyranny of majorities may be just as dangerous as the tyranny of kings; it has hitherto disrupted all nations which have adopted it. It is, however, the foundation of modern democracy, just as it was the foundation of monarchy in the seventeenth century. Those who follow it think that by some magic the fact that it is a majortiy of

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the people, and not a king holding sway, will entirely change the result. Possibly they are right.

The second theory is antiquated, and hard to work out in practice; nor is it wholly true that freedom of conduct, freedom of thought and freedom of speech have always been the basis of progress. The violent imposition of civilization on the unwilling has often played a part. Nevertheless, hard though it be to practise, the great success of the Anglo-Saxon race has been due to frequent even if inconsistent efforts to adopt this theory. It was, I suppose, the dominant view of the eighteenth century Liberalism, and old-fashioned Liberals, still think that it produced the tremendous progress of the nineteenth century. Its strong point was that it gave free scope to the survival of the fittest, its weak point was that it did nothing to alleviate the horrors of the struggle for existence. Behind it is the belief that, given general freedom of conduct, the best man wins in the race of life; the legislator and the policeman exist not to make men do what they ought, but to prevent them from being hindered by each other in their efforts to live their own lives. If a man wishes to go to the devil, he may; but he must not try to take others with him.

Biologically this theory seems to me to be sound, but it certainly needs to give far more attention than it ever has given to the problem of lessening suffering without preventing elimination. The condition of the battle which man must fight is that the weakest shall not survive, but that need not mean that the weakest must suffer indefinitely and unendurably. Failure to remedy suffering has led to an almost complete abandonment of this theory. In order to help the weak we have again put the state above the individual.

But there is one survival, irrational though it be. There is a series of motives which influence the individual—Pleasure, Profit, Power, Knowledge, Conscience. In the old days they were assigned an ascending scale of values, and Conscience was at the top. The exceptional position given to the conscientious objector is a survival of this old hegemony given to conscience as the highest motive which can influence life in a world which regarded the state merely as a means for securing freedom to the individual. It is really quite out of place in our generation, which has decided to try once more the theory that the state is above the individual, who owes it implicit obedience. The conscientious objector has no case on this theory of life. What if his motive be conscience, the highest that exists? Corruptio optimi pessima; he is a rebel, and rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft.

So long as we hold the present theory of government there is no reason why the conscientious objector should expect milder treatment. The whole tendency of modern practice is to give a thorough trial once more to the experiment of using the state to enforce conduct of which the majority approves. Such phenomena as the Ku Klux Klan suggest that many people believe that we are not doing enough in that direction, and think that the majority should control not only conduct but also our opinion. Conscience—if not shared by the majority—has a poor chance under these circumstances. The most that can be hoped is that in future the conscientious objector may escape some of the brutality to which he was recently subjected. But if Senator La Follette and Mr. Thomas wish for a real improvement they must make the world reconsider its theory of the state, and ask whether the eighteenth century is not a more hopeful model than the seventeenth. That they at least see this seems to be indicated by the quotation from Spinoza used by Mr. Thomas:

> The final end of the state consists not in dominating over men, restraining them by fear, subjecting them to the will of others . . . It has for its end, so to act that its citizens should in security develop soul and body, and make free use of their reason. Hence the true end of the state is liberty . . .

KIRSOPP LAKE.

Chance, Love and Logic

Chance, Love and Logic, Philosophical Essays, by the late Charles S. Peirce, Edited, with an Introduction, by Morris R. Cohen. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

CHARLES PEIRCE was probably the most original philosophic mind this country has produced; certainly one of the seminal minds of this generation. As Mr. Cohen says in his introduction he was a "restless pioneer soul with the fatal gift of genuine originality." His reputation bears little relation to his endowment. For this discrepancy, his very originality is in part responsible. He was ahead of his time; he belonged to no school and while his contemporaries were developing older theories, making them over to suit the temper of the day, he was breaking new ground. Only in symbolic logic was he really in communication with other minds of his time, and that subject, restricted in its appeal in any case, had none of the generic philosophic significance a generation ago which it has won in recent years. Even today he is hardly known to the cultivated public save as the author of the word and idea, "pragmatism," which William James borrowed from him and popularized with his literary skill.

The somewhat fragmentary character of his writings is also responsible for his failure to make his ideas duly known. There is more than one allusion in his writings to larger, more systematic and ambitious works in progress, of which his published writings give but sketches. He was a wayward worker, and all that is now in print is but an indication of what might have been accomplished under happier circumstances. From the 'sixties through the 'nineties these United States were a less congenial nursery, both in universities and out of them, than they are even today for men who do not readily "fit in," especially when they lack the inner impetus to controlled sustained endeavor. Before it was wholly too late, an appeal was made to the Carnegie Foundation to subsidize continuous effort and productivity on his part. But its directors in their wisdom, although its professed aim was to discover and encourage "the exceptional man," did not see fit to try the experiment. We shall never know whether or not it would have been successful.

The collection of the essays that form this volume is thus the performance of a needed work of piety. It has been most admirably performed by Professor Cohen. His twenty-five page introduction gives a succinct account of Mr. Peirce's chief conceptions, and sketches their influence upon subsequent thinkers. It is not only a clear and competent introduction to the essays of the volume, but is a valuable contribution to the history of American intellectual life. The contents of the volume fall into

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two parts. The first part constitutes the material of the "logic" portion of the title. It consists of six articles published in the Popular Science Monthly during the years 1877-78. It is a treatise on logic, in the sense of methods and terms of thinking in fruitful inquiry. The second essay, on How To Make our Ideas Clear, contains the pragmatic formula (although not the word "pragmatism") made familiar by William James. Other essays discuss the doctrine of chances, the nature and probability of induction, its relation to deduction, the order of nature, etc. If the mind of the Fundamentalist were amenable to reason, he should familiarize himself with the latter chapter and with the first on the Fixation of Belief. The faith which animates these chapters, that the methods of tenacity, authority, iteration etc., contain within themselves the seeds of their own destruction, and that "the state of the facts, whatever it may be, will surely get found out," is under an eclipse just at present. But Mr. Peirce lived habitually possessed of a sense of time, which accomplished more for him than the vaunted sense of eternity has done for most of its devotees in protection against impatience and intolerance.

The second portion of the book reprints five essays published in the Monist during the years 1891-93; in giving Mr. Pierce the hospitality of its pages, Dr. Paul Carus added to the debt which the American public owes him. The essays develop his conception of the place of chance, of continuity and of evolution in nature. With respect to the latter, he is particularly interested in an extension of the principle of continuity by which it becomes what he terms "love"—development by attraction rather then by minute chance variations or by inner or outer necessity. These essays contain his boldest speculations. But they are certainly much easier reading than they were thirty years ago, and his idea of chance—plural and diverse individualities—as characteristic of nature, although a monstrous heresy in the Victorian period, now has many adherents.

If the day of Mr. Peirce has not arrived, his night has passed. Harvard University has in preparation an edition of Peirce's works, including those still in manuscript. The volume so ably edited by Professor Cohen will serve as an admirable introduction, both to awaken keener curiosity as to this original thinker, and to prepare the way for a better understanding of his more systematic and presumably more technical ideas.

JOHN DEWEY.

Sayonara

Sayonara, by John Paris. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

THE Englishman who writes under the name John Paris has taken upon himself the rôle of prophet of the anti-Lafcadio Hearn school of literature on Japan. His first pronouncement was the novel Kimono. This is his second, on the same theme, with the same method and in the same vein.

Sayonara is less a depiction of the life of Japan than a recoil from the way it used to be depicted. As such it is a salutary and much needed book. Only, it should not be taken alone. It is no further from the truth than the lyrical rhapsodizings of the lesser Lafcadio Hearns. Also it is hardly nearer.

Life in Japan never was all mist on the mountains, temple gateways in the twilight, cherry blossoms under the moon and dainty maidens delicately mincing through the tea ceremony. Many, many Japanese have lived their whole lives through without filially committing suicide because their father scolded them. As many Japanese fathers have not decapitated their sons because their clan chief had the vapors.

Neither on the other hand is Japanese life all slime. There are families that do not sell their daughters because the rice crop is bad. There are peasant households that are above the level of the swill trough. I myself know many young Japanese of modern education and ideas who are not seducers nor swindlers nor trappers of unwary foreigners. In other words, of the 45,000,000 or so Japanese there are many different kinds. A few are finely tempered of soul, a few are vile and the great mass are something in between. There is life in Japan that is lived on a high spiritual level and some that is lived on a low bestial level and some that is somewhere in between. Just like America and England and Austria, in short.

I do not blame John Paris for having had the inescapable reaction from the contrast between his observation in Japan and his reading about Japan. So far from considering him what is called anti-Japanese or disposed to belittle Japanese civilization, I think the evidence more to the contrary. I do not see how anybody with respect for the Japanese can feel anything but impatience with the prose-poetic simpering about them as if they were cunning painted little dolls in a cunning painted little toy house. They are not. They are human beings, with virtues and frailties, living in a civilization mixed of fineness and vileness. Why not, then, show them the respect of writing about them as if they were human beings?

So Mr. Paris does. But in his anxiety to make his case, to show the human underside of the Japanese, he has them a little less than human. Eschewing temple and teahouse and cherry blossoms, he digs in the scum only. It is good that somebody has undertaken to show there is another side, somebody, that is, who is not a "lowbrow" contemptuous of all peoples and things that are different, or a professional religious bigot who sees only heathen in a non-Fundamentalist land. But I wish the case for the other side were a little more soaked through imagination and sympathy.

If Mr. Paris writes another novel on Japan—I hope he does—I wish he would overcome his preoccupation with commercialized vice. Yes, the legalized vice of Japan is pretty horrible and Japanese sex standards are different from ours. He has already said so twice now. So let it go at that.

I wish also that Mr. Paris would either forego the subject of marriage between Japanese and whites or not load the dice. It is true that few mixed marriages have started from the normal. Therefore so much of the generalization about mixed marriages is absurd. When a drunken sailor marries a Japanese barmaid and then ships for Australia while on a spree you can't prove therefrom that miscegenation is biologically doomed to failure. I don't mean that Mr. Paris is so crude. But he starts his mixed marriage with just as heavy a handicap. If he wants to deal with the institution of mixed marriage fairly, let him represent it under fair conditions. It would not be stretching the plausible to set down a sane

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white man marrying an intelligent Japanese woman from a family that is composed of neither villains nor bawdy-house keepers nor clods.

Finally, I wish Mr. Paris would eschew murder, suicide and all death by violence as a means of furthering his plot. In Sayonara there is even more of movie melodrama than in Kimono. His characters have therefore to be wooden in order to bob more easily on the strings of melodrama. As a consequence he cannot lend plausibility to his story of an English missionary who marries a Japanese prostitute, descends to the life of a mean oriental rustic and then plunges from debauchery to debauchery before starting anew on evangelism. Even in an unfamiliar world an educated Englishman would not be so gullible as he is here represented.

For those who are interested in Japan and want to know a phase of Japanese life hardly ever presented, this is nevertheless an interesting novel, and one distinctly worth reading.

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

Mr. Masters's Prose

The Nuptial Flight, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50

Mirage, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

WHEN Mr. Masters first turned to prose as his medium, he reverted also to the scene of his Spoon River Anthology. In Mitch Miller and Skeeters Kirby he revived in a tender, reminiscential mood the associations of his earlier years, with their homely, intimate quite American background. Such sophistications as his verse had achieved by broadening out from Sangamon County to Chicago and the great midland valley were forgotten, especially in Mitch Miller, which has a limpid style, a boylike fancifulness, and a clean objectivity unlike anything else that Mr. Masters has written. And the nature of the subject, in this first prose book, precluded an exclusive preoccupation with the sex impulse, whether treated analytically or "epically" or "philosophically." . . . The Nuptial Flight is not a continuation of the histories of these first two prose books, although the background largely remains the same. It is a survey of three generations of the Houghtons from 1849, when William Houghton and Nancy Creighton came by different paths from Kentucky to meet at Whitehall, Illinois, until the present day. The mood, at least at the start, is epic; there is nothing better in Mr. Masters's prose than the biblical simplicity of Father William and Mother Nancy— the one happily endowed pair—who prospered, begat children, and watched the unfolding tragedies of their descendants. This primal couple recall somewhat Isaak and Inger of The Growth of the Soil. But Mr. Masters's preoccupation is less with them than with their unfortunate children and grandchildren, and in his presentation of their characters and their marital infelicities he is forced to abandon the simple epic strokes of his opening, to paint in detail, and it soon becomes evident that Mr. Masters for all his specifications and his will to blink nothing unpleasant is not a realist. He cannot draw a figure in the round. Here again the earlier figures are better done, the farmer's boy Walter Scott and his hastily acquired wife Fanny are more life-like than their son, the violinist Alfred and his harpy Ida. So too Whitehall with its dissipations of beer and "cove oyster" parties, its village mœurs, is better realized than the more sophisticated haunts of "the Artists" (as Mr. Masters calls the practitioners of the fine arts and their satellites) in Chicago, in Philadelphia, and tentatively in New York. For all its frequent lapses of technique, for all its heavy sordidness in detail, The Nuptial Flight has scope, fecundity and vitality. The epic significance called for by the title is not be discovered in this collection of domestic infelicities, neither in the uncertain descent of Nancy nor in the nature of men and women. It is popular romantic biology to attribute to a possible Spanish strain of blood impulsive and passional imprudencies in mating. Nor is every woman an exploiter and every man an exploited. These things are not so easily disposed of!

As if aware of the failure in his epic treatment of marital disharmony Mr. Masters chose for Mirage, his last prose volume, one instance of disaster, one not unlike that of Alfred and Ida in The Nuptial Flight for a more intensive treatment. Here he resumes the story of Skeeters Kirby, reveals restrospectively his ruined marriage and his entanglement with a Circe, and his struggles to emancipate himself and achieve emotional stability and self-understanding. It is a simpler picture, a more definite theme. The story of Kirby's emergence through the sordidness of blackmail and our barbaric divorce customs to a realization of the tawdriness of his Circe for whom he has striven in vain may be verified in any daily newspaper. But in the vulgar quagmire such as Kirby's life became, the fine flower of spiritual achievement may be grown. Whether the state of soul to which the man finally arrives will seem such a fine flower, is a matter of personal judgment. But the process of his growth as pictured in Mirage in sufficient literal detail is not a promising one: finally convinced of his Circe's casual infidelities and general unworthiness, Kirby, nevertheless, returns to plead, perhaps humanly, that "all be forgotten and forgiven" and another disastrous marriage begun between them. But when finally disillusioned—and incidentally repulsed—he goes forth from the hectic and alcoholic scene of renunciation to the arms of a woman in a neighboring hotel suite with whom he had scraped acquaintance on a railroad train a few days previously, as a second step in the cleansing of his soul embraces on presentation one of those studio divinities with whom the author interleaves the more serious engagements of his hero, then sends for a secretary he had formerly employed in the hope that a woman—any one—will do the trick for him and make him sound, lives with her, breaks her heart and returns for final consolation to an amour with the studio divinity, who is now living an emancipated life with gentlemen friends—one questions. All this promiscuity may be pathologically true of the wounded male soul, but Mr. Masters is not sufficiently equipped as a realist to give his pathological version either significance or credibility. It may be true, but what of it?

In these days style is both such a negligible and such a debateable matter that in saying that the style of The Mirage is the worst that Mr. Masters has ever written in verse or in prose I am conscious of expressing merely a personal reaction. The style of The Mirage is a long, long way from the restraints of the Spoon River etching, from the flexible vigor of Domesday Book, from the self-effacing simplicity of Mitch Miller. It is just bad style.

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Subtly, perhaps unconsciously, it reveals that degeneration in taste, in grip upon life, that the people of Sangamon County suffered in their pilgrimage eastward to the metropolis of New York! They were at home in Sangamon County and however plain and common their life was, it was not vulgar. They do not realize themselves in the luxuries and sophistications of their new environment. They live invariably in some "suite of an elegant and luxurious hotel," with the specification of "twin beds." Their doors are opened by "butlers," and their upholstery of studio or apartment is modelled after that of the "Ritzdorf."

In sum they have become, "just good fellows about town, well-dressed and well-behaved, and familiar with society and with aristocratic living," i.e. that of the Ritzdorf. The Circe delivers herself thus: "And Becky was furious. She said, 'I'll just bawl that old bounder out when he comes again!'" and "'You're a peach,' shouted Becky, slapping her fat knee." The final agony of parting after various drinks from a bottle which the lady keeps under her bed is expressed in the following manner:

> Becky opened her eyes. Her face became a bonfire of rage. Her red hair bristled like a wild animal's. "You're just a liar to say that. And you can't say such a thing in my room. This is my room: I pay for it." "Did you see Delahar?" "Yes, I did, and he's a roughneck." "Well?" "None of your business. . . . Leave my room," Becky said. "No, I'll not leave your room." "I'll have you put out." "You don't dare, Becky, you don't dare."

Circe is not elegant in manners or speech, but when the author speaks for himself it is much the same, e. g:

> She was looking forward to the arrival of these artist Americans, who had seen life here and elsewhere, and who were coming to enjoy the hospitality of herself and her son, and to enrich his life by their presence.

However, the drama of Circe and her victim is very real drama, whether expressed in the bootlegging atmosphere of the expatriates of Sangamon County enjoying the luxuries of "the Ritzdorf," or in what they would call "more refined and cultured circles." It is not inevitable that Circe should be either subtle or well-bred, but she should have power, distinction of some sort to create pity and interest in her victim. And the victim himself should have or achieve some spiritual distinction. The state of soul to which Skeeters Kirby at length arrives after his numerous amatory contacts is lengthily expressed in terms of Hindu philosophy and generalizations about the War, about life, and the human heart—what "the artist Americans" call "ideas." . . .

It is a fact that Sangamon County, Illinois, has moved on to New York and Europe, and it is well worth while to know what they are doing and saying in their new environment. But it will have to be recorded by some one who is conscious of what they are, not by one of themselves. As to the illumination of sex relations, a recital of naive fornications reveals nothing fresh.

ROBERT HERRICK.

The Eleventh Virgin, by Dorothy Day. New York: A. and C. Boni. $2.00.

AN absorbing plot, sped to a giddy conclusion by a number of daringly modern escapades, a heroine defiantly, arrestingly modern, a host of bohemians, hospital workers and collegians to push the aspect of modernity to an even more violent degree—why, in these violent modern times, will such a book be a failure? Because of its author's total inability to write a single line of good, compelling English, or to give her book the one support and excuse that its cynical tone needs more than anything else—realism. H. B.

Through a printer's error just before going to press, the signatures to the correspondence printed on page 102 of the New Republic of June 18, 1924, were transposed. Art and the Movies should have been signed Arthur J. Zellner; Is Compromise Necessary? should have been signed Steven T. Byington; the letter following should have been signed George Soule and The Job and the Middle-Aged Woman should have been signed Norah Keating.

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